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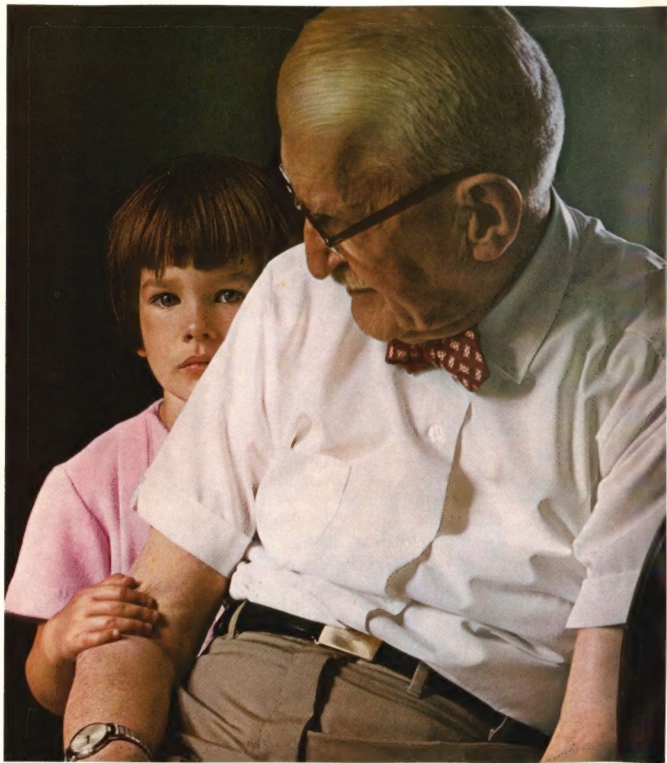
JULY 2, 1973

TIME



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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Week after week, from all over the world, we receive heartening—as well as sobering—reminders of the impact TIME stories can have on many of our 22 million readers.

► In April, our Science section reported on the amazing flying ability of a paper airplane inadvertently created by Richard Kline, a Manhattan advertising executive who likes to sail paper planes from his office window. As a result of the story, Kline has received inquiries from all over the world, including a request from a White House aide for a working replica. He is dickering with the Milton Bradley Co., which has expressed interest in producing plastic models of the plane. His technical adviser, a Notre Dame aerodynamicist, has requested funding from the Defense Department to study further why the plane flies so well, and Kline and his invention will be featured on a segment of the CBS television show *60 Minutes*.

► Two weeks ago, our Modern Living section ran a story called "Cruising: The Good Life Afloat" and described, among others, the husky cruisers built by a California firm, Westsail Corp. Almost immediately calls began to come into Westsail's headquarters from as far away as Switzerland and Brazil at the rate of 50 to 60 per day, many from people who had never owned a boat before. Orders are currently flowing into Westsail at the rate of \$600,000 per week, a fourfold increase since the story appeared.

► Our November cover story on *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* was not particularly complimentary to the book's literary merits, but it drew an immediate response in the bookstores. In the week following the story, nationwide sales of *Seagull* rose from 45,000 to 80,000 and remained at that level for several months. The publisher, Macmillan Co., placed an additional print order of 325,000 copies.

► Israeli Psychic Uri Geller was not pleased when our Science section disclosed in March that he had apparently hoodwinked researchers at one of the nation's leading think tanks by employing simple magician's tricks. But he has no reason to complain. Since the story was printed, he has been the subject of magazine and newspaper articles, has been called upon to demonstrate his "powers" at numerous public appearances, and was an honored guest on a television talk show.

► A Modern Living story last year on a Detroit-area phenomenon—the playing of tunes on pushbutton telephones—spread the fad across the nation and resulted in the publication by the Los Angeles firm, Price/Stern/Sloan, of *The Pushbutton Telephone Songbook*, which gives instructions for calling friends and playing for them such pushbutton tunes as *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton* and *Strangers in the Night*.

Ralph P. Davidson

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when you're going to Sears to buy some tools or something, slip your present homeowners insurance policy in your pocket.



2.

Drop it off at the Allstate booth at Sears, and go on about your shopping. While you're gone, we'll compare *your* homeowners policy with Allstate's.



3. When you return,

you may be pleasantly surprised! Maybe we can save you some money. That's one reason why half of the

people who buy Allstate Homeowners Insurance have switched to us from other companies.



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you some money.

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that's real protection for
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that conquers the flea
TODAY!

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At Last, an Honest Face

Sir / Thank goodness! Finally, a cover that shows intelligence, sensitivity and beauty—and has no relation to the Watergate situation. And no can question the honesty of Secretariat's face [June 11]?

LINDA MANWILLER
Stoughton, Pa.

Sir / As a horse lover, I not only enjoyed learning more about Secretariat's background and engaging personality, but I found the author's style to be delightfully descriptive and warmly sensitive.

(MRS.) ANNE IMBODEN
Baltimore

Sir / Anyone who has any doubts about the overall impact of science on our future society has only to look as far as Secretariat. The "designer" of this great horse is my nominee for the Nobel Prize in Genetics. Fortunately—this time—the positive traits were desired, but...

LAMONT D. NOTTINGHAM
Rocky Mount, N.C.

Sir / How many readers wrote in to remark that it was refreshing to see the front end of a horse on the cover of TIME?

MRS. JAMES MANUEL
Morgan City, La.

■ Sixty-five so far.

Sir / This letter will be postmarked before the running of the Belmont. Secretariat will lose. I am sorry to say, because he has just appeared on the cover of TIME.

CAMPBELL W. MCILLAN
Chapel Hill, N.C.

■ Ha!

Resurrecting Common Sense

Sir / The Essay on common sense [June 11] was delightful, and I was especially pleased that you resurrected the wit and wisdom of Kin Hubbard.

There is so much of his material that is relevant today. Watergate bulls might enjoy the following, first published in 1912:

"It pays I be honest, but it don't pay enough I suit some fellers."

MIKE KRAFT
Washington, D.C.

Sir / Lack of common sense is not the only problem in America today. We have a few others.

Americans want to stop pollution but do not want smog-control devices because they cost money and use up too much gas. We want our laws strictly enforced, but if we are cited for speeding the officer involved is a stupid s.o.b. We want the Government to solve all of our problems without infringing on our freedom, raising taxes or making us undergo any real effort or hardship.

Most Americans lie, cheat, steal and indulge in arrogance, yet are outraged when they find their elected officials doing the same thing.

CLAY H. BERRI
Petaluma, Calif.

The P.O.W.s at Home

Sir / Colonel Theodore Guy [June 11] is a disgrace to the Air Force, all P.O.W.s and the United States of America. He is not "a stiff-backed professional officer," he is a "lifer" in the true sense. How one man in

LETTERS

his right mind can request that eight individuals who suffered much the same hardships as he did be court-martialed is beyond my belief!

(PFC) MARY ANN DAVIS
WAC
San Francisco

Sir / The ex-P.O.W.s have paid their debt. Let's get on with living, not revenge. The P.O.W. was not in the service because he disobeyed orders—he was there because he obeyed them.

(MRS.) PATRICIA ANNE DAVID
Vallejo, Calif.

Sir / I am not interested in the adjustment problems of the returned P.O.W.s. The number of P.O.W.s is an infinitesimal part of the total war casualties: American and Vietnamese dead never to return and the psychic and physical wounds suffered by American veterans of the war, not to mention Vietnamese soldiers and civilians. The jubilation over the returned P.O.W.s should be confined to their family and friends. For the rest of us, it only serves as a surrogate for a sense of victory and a detour from a sober reflection on the war and our motives for entering and continuing it.

LINDA STENGEL
Newark, Del.

Salutes to Mr. Bradley

Sir / The newly elected mayor of Los Angeles, Thomas Bradley [June 11], should have been on the cover of TIME. Not because of his blackness, but because of his enduring courage in taking on the fight the second time around against an old pro like "Good Neighbor Sam" Yorty.

I salute Mr. Bradley for being nothing but a man and for going after what he believes in.

JOHN L. LEE
Vallejo, Calif.

Sir / Hooray for non-prejudice! We have had a non-mayor for so long that this might be the man to change our luck.

R. ALAN JAMESON
Los Angeles

Soothed by Terror

Sir / I have loved every one of H.P. Lovecraft's horror stories [June 11] that I have ever read.

I was therefore a bit upset when Philip Herrera began criticizing Lovecraft's style. However, his parody was so good and true—and terrifying—that my initial reservations were swept away.

JOEL BRENNER
Bayshore, N.Y.

Sir / Forget about H.P. Lovecraft. Where can I get a copy of Philip Herrera?

ROBERT W. BUTLER JR.
Kansas City, Mo.

Picky-Picky Pay

Sir / I take exception to one phrase in an otherwise fair report on the current Hollywood writers' strike [June 11]. You imply that \$3,500 for a half-hour TV script is "hefty."

First try getting an assignment in a diminishing market, then try splitting \$3,500 with your partner, Uncle Sam, Ronald Reagan, the William Morris Agency, the Writ-

IT SHOULDN'T TAKE AN ACT OF CONGRESS TO MAKE CARS SAFE.

Volvo was committed to safety long before it became mandatory.

In 1956, for example, we installed padded dashboards: 12 years before the government insisted on them.

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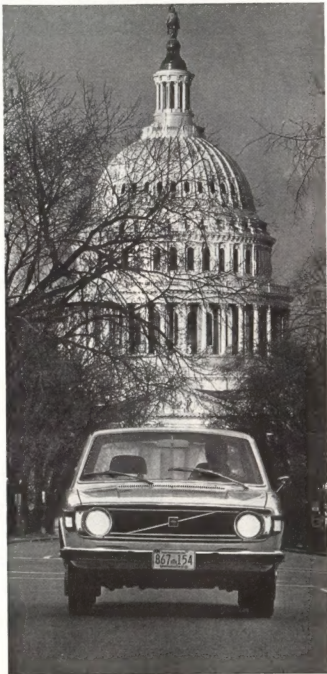
Volvos also have many safety features not required by law:

Like front and rear ends which absorb the impact of collisions. Four-wheel disc brakes with a pressure-proportioning valve to reduce the chances of rear-wheel lock-up. Child-proof rear doors. Rear window defrosters.

Now who would you rather buy a car from?

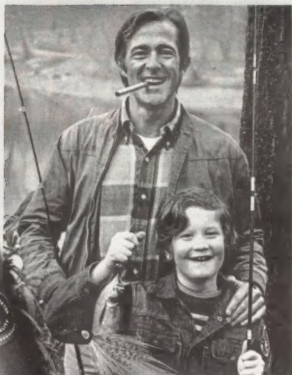
A company that builds a safe car because someone else made them do it?

Or a company that builds a safe car because their conscience made them do it?



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LETTERS

ers Guild, and other unsolicited silent partners with names like S.D.I., F.I.C.A., and M.P.R.F. You will soon find that your hefty \$3,500 has melted down to about \$500 and change.

When you spread this over a period of four weeks (the time it can take to write one of these episodes for picky-picky, meeting-happy producers), it comes to a little over \$200 per week.

GORDON MITCHELL
Studio City, Calif.

The Dangers of Concentration

Sir / I am an air-traffic controller, and I consider that the use of such a device as Karel Montor's antidream machine [June 11] would display not only a lack of professional trust but would be distracting to the point of disaster.

An air-traffic controller must maintain the ability to receive input information from several sources at once and put this information to use without delay; to concentrate on one item can mean danger.

You may liken a controller doing his job to a man listening to his wife talk about the day's events, watching a TV news report, reading your magazine at the same time, and knowing what is going on in all three places. The flying public cannot afford to have the controller concentrate on one subject.

(S/SGT.) WILLIAM B. HOBSON JR.
U.S.A.F.
Altus A.F.B.
Altus, Okla.

Degree of Progress

Sir / Your article "U.S. Raises for Blacks" [June 4] reported that "IBM has assigned blacks to supervise whites" in South Africa. This may mislead some readers into

MOVING?

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LETTERS

crediting IBM with a degree of progress that is not quite accurate.

To date, we have no instances of a black employee actually managing a white employee in that country.

FRANK T. CARY
Chairman of the Board, IBM
Armonk, N.Y.

Accomplishments of Watergate

Sir / As a former university student who saw action in Washington during the demonstrations and riots of '69 and '70, it strikes me as enormously ironic that a handful of conservative Republican lawyers and officials have accomplished what thousands of long-haired, rhetoric-spewing radicals could not—i.e., the destruction of the American people's faith in Nixon, the Cabinet and the Republican Party.

The President's last memo will read: "We have met the enemy and they are us."

JOHN PETTY
Malibu, Calif.

Sir / After Watergate has history, there is one thing nobody will be able to take away from the businessmen in the White House. They met a payroll.

A.W. MICHALSON
Rockford, Ill.

Sir / Watergate has given us our next President: Senator Howard Baker.

(MRS.) YOLANDA BECKER
Auburn, Calif.

Sir / Need we burn down the house to catch a few rats in the attic?

JOHN P. THOMSON
Spokane, Wash.

Sir / Now I know what you mean by one of your favorite words—"overreaction."

J.M. MCKERCHER
San Francisco

Sir / As a "resident" of this prison camp, I find it regrettable that immunity from prosecution can be bandied about like a dangling carrot. Equality under the law: punish the guilty, and immunity to the innocent.

S.M. MILLER
Federal Prison Camp
Maxwell A.F.B., Ala.

Sir / It seems that Mr. Nixon wishes me to believe that the people he knows can mislead him, whereas heads of foreign nations can not. Unless he works more closely with the heads of foreign nations than with his own people, how can this be so?

RON BAMEL
Phoenix, Ariz.

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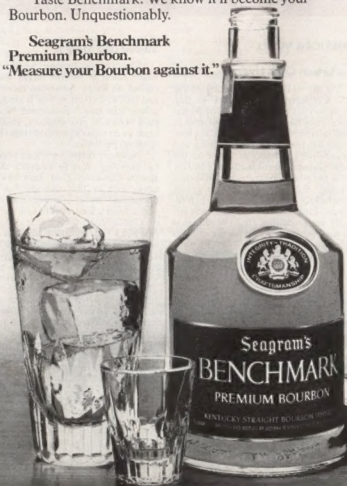
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That's because more than a century of Seagram craftsmanship has gone into creating the distinctive taste of Benchmark. So you can see why we're proud of it.

Taste Benchmark. We know it'll become your Bourbon. Unquestionably.

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"Measure your Bourbon against it."



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
July 2, 1973 Vol. 102, No. 1



PRESIDENT NIXON & SOVIET LEADER BREZHNEV SYMBOLICALLY CLASP HANDS ABOARD PRESIDENTIAL JET NEAR THE END OF THEIR SUMMIT

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Urban Crisis Lives

At the 41st annual meeting of the U.S. Conference of Mayors in San Francisco last week, the chiefs of the nation's cities had one topic uppermost in their minds: Nixon Administration proposals for special revenue sharing and the inevitable setbacks they pose for the cities. Slated to become effective in July 1974, the Nixon measures would spread existing federally funded programs—including Model Cities and urban renewal—into seven broad areas, with virtually no guidelines from Washington on how money allotted to the cities is to be spent.

Such unrestricted use of funds is one of the things city governments have been clamoring for all along, but the mayors fear that Administration proposals will thin out the amount of money available by sharing it among smaller communities as well, many of them well-heeled suburbs. Still smarting from presidential cutbacks of existing programs, vetoes of new projects and the scuttling of programs like summer jobs for ghetto youngsters, the majority of the 320 mayors in attendance opposed the President's current plan. The conference then issued carefully worded counterproposals and passed a flurry of resolutions condemning further federal cutbacks. "Nixon has simply declared that the urban crisis is over," says John De Luca, an aide to San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto. "We are telling him it still exists."

Sword and Stealth

"To litter is human, to pilfer, divine." Such a maxim might well be carved on every American monument and tourist attraction. For if airmailing a beer can into Yellowstone National Park seems to give pleasure, stealing a hunk of Arizona's petrified forest seems to afford pure bliss.

Nowhere is the American penchant for pilfering more in evidence than in Boston Common. Ever since 1897, the north side of the common has been dominated by a massive monument with a bronze bas-relief of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, the white leader of the first black U.S. regiment, who was killed leading a Civil War assault on South Carolina's Fort Wagner. The only problem with the statue was Shaw's bronze sword. It kept disappearing. First the original, then another and another, until the colonel had been rearmed no less than a dozen times. Finally, in the '40s, the city switched to a wooden replica—in acknowledgment of the accelerating costs of labor, if not the rates of degeneracy. Of course, the wooden swords began to vanish—5, 10, 15, 20, 25. In desperation the city switched to molded fiber-glass swords. Now those too are disappearing. But the city remains determined not to leave Shaw empty-handed. "To give up," explains George Boutlier, superintendent for maintenance for Boston's parks, "would be saying go ahead and take the rest of it." Which, of course, people would do, if the entire monument did not weigh several tons.

Citizens to the Rescue

First, the bad news: according to the FBI, aggravated assaults rose by 6% across the nation last year. Now the good news: people are doing something about it—at least in New York City, where apathy has long since seemed a conditioned reflex.

In the space of five days recently, New Yorkers came to the rescue in three different assault cases, capturing and holding suspects until the police arrived. In one instance, nearly 100 outraged citizens surrounded the taxicab in which three muggers were trying to escape, pressing in so close that the assailants locked themselves in for fear of their lives. In another, three men chased two muggers down back streets, overtook them and wrestled them into submission. In the most dramatic—and questionable—"citizen's arrest," a dozen men pummeled into unconsciousness a man suspected of and later charged with molesting a nine-year-old girl.

That excess of zeal brought a gentle reminder from Police Commissioner Donald Cawley that citizens should not "see themselves as police, prosecutor and jury." But everyone, including Cawley, took heart at the apparent reversal of the city's "I don't want to get involved" attitude, reified nine years ago when Kitty Genovese, 28, was stabbed to death as dozens of her Queens neighbors looked on without even bothering to call the police. With appropriate caution, New York Mayor John Lindsay expressed the hope that "it's the beginning of a trend."

The Soft-Sell of the Soviets' Top Salesman

Whatever else they may do, Soviet leaders seem to travel well.

In the first visit to the U.S. of a Soviet party boss since Nikita Khrushchev's boisterous tour in 1959, Leonid Ilich Brezhnev spent eight days in America, apparently taking ebullient joy in almost every moment of his stay as Richard Nixon's guest. His mission was, of course, deadly serious: he wants U.S. money, technological know-how and hardware to develop the Soviet economy. In return, he implied future flexibility on arms control and proffered access to the Soviet Union's cornucopia of raw materials and a considerable amount of purposeful good will and bonhomie. It was a masterly performance aimed at erasing in American minds the cold war image of Russia as antagonist and replacing it with a vision of a peaceful, stable and sophisticated trading partner.

One result was a marked contrast in the demeanor of host and guest. Shadowed by Watergate, Nixon often seemed subdued and ill at ease, anxious to stick to the schedule and limit the hoop-la. Brezhnev, though largely kept out of public range for security reasons, acted when he had an audience like a back-slapping drummer. He took every opportunity to clown for photographers, converse with reporters and mix with folks, chatting and shaking hands. There were moments when the President of the U.S. almost found himself shunted to the sidelines, and on one occasion Nixon observed: "He's the best politician in the room."

Out of range of cameras and crowds, Brezhnev reverted to the more familiar role of the tough bargainer who has staked his own political career on improving relations with the U.S. for the benefit of the Soviet economy.

There were no monumental accords signed; yet the meetings enhanced both leaders' images as international statesmen. Overall, even the minor agreements served to spur on the momentum of cordial top-level negotiations between the two countries that began with Nixon's visit to Moscow last year.

Code of Ethics. The ritual of summery requires that there be one surprise, no matter how mild. This session's package was an agreement of mutual forbearance from nuclear war, which included such points as consulting with each other if there is a risk of war and trying not to provoke confrontations with third countries. In essence, the document formalized practices already followed by both sides, like the Moscow-Washington hot line. But it also amounted to a pact between the two superpowers to cooperate—if not in managing the world, in managing world peace. Thus it applies to their relations

with China as well as the Middle East and other world flashpoints, though the wording is vague enough to allow each government to pursue present policies, for instance American bombing in Cambodia or Russian intervention in Eastern Europe.

Of equal importance to that nuclear code of ethics was an agreement to complete SALT II negotiations for a permanent limit on offensive nuclear arms by the end of 1974, three years before the end of the five-year temporary "freeze" reached as part of SALT I last year. As further earnest of Brezhnev's good intentions, he joined with Nixon in concluding a wide range of agreements that had been worked out before the summit began. The two leaders also pledged their countries to:

- ▶ Increase cooperation in developing the peaceful uses of atomic energy, especially control of thermonuclear fusion and design of fast-breeder reactors.
- ▶ Exchange information on agriculture, particularly Soviet crop estimates that will enable U.S. and other Western farmers to plant in advance to meet likely Soviet demands.
- ▶ Swap technology on transportation. Some obvious topics: Soviet experience in cold-weather railroad operation and new underground mass transit systems; U.S. expertise in highway engineering and cargo containerization.
- ▶ Expand cooperative research in oceanography, including study of ocean currents and marine biology.
- ▶ End the double taxation of private citizens and companies of one country residing or operating in the other. For example, U.S. citizens in Russia now pay a flat 15% Soviet income tax.
- ▶ Continue cultural exchanges for another six years. This agreement

disayed some Americans because it freezes exchanges at present low levels.

▶ Create a Soviet-U.S. Chamber of Commerce to promote contacts between U.S. businessmen and Russian trade officials.

▶ Expand facilities to allow for Soviet and American embassy commercial counselors in Moscow and Washington, as well as grant permanent representation in Moscow to ten U.S. business firms and banks.

▶ Extend the routes of Aeroflot, the Soviet airline, beyond New York to Washington, and give the U.S. a run to Leningrad.

Verbally, the two leaders also agreed to continue their summitry. Nixon accepted Brezhnev's invitation to come to Moscow next year—perhaps in time to sign a SALT II agreement—and the Soviet leader said that he would like to return to Washington in 1975.

Brezhnev's thorniest selling problem turned on his desire for most-favored-nation status for Russia. That status was part of the Soviet-American trade treaty signed last October and would mean tariff cuts of 50% or more on Soviet imports into the U.S. But 77 Senators and 284 Representatives have backed legislation to deny M.F.N. to any nation that limits free emigration. Their chief concern is the plight of Soviet Jews who want to leave Russia.

Brezhnev met the problem head on. In an extraordinary gesture, he invited 25 leading Senators and Representatives to a luncheon at Blair House, his guest quarters in Washington. The meal was prepared by a Soviet chef, and over caviar, roast beef and five varieties of Russian wines and liqueurs, he tried to convince American Congressmen that

BREZHNEV WHEELING AROUND CAMP DAVID IN GOLF CART



THE NATION

nearly every Jew who had applied had been allowed to leave. Although Soviet emigration policy has eased markedly under pressure from the U.S., some of the Congressmen feared that the liberalization might end if M.F.N. were granted. Asked about this, Brezhnev declared: "We came here to consolidate good things, not to quarrel. We can stay at home and quarrel. I cannot understand why these things should impair good relations between us." The legislators were by no means entirely persuaded, and there was no immediate sign that they were willing to compromise on the issue.

Brezhnev also made his pitch to Treasury Secretary George P. Shultz and 52 U.S. bankers and businessmen—potential sources for Russia of credit and advanced technology. In a two-hour monologue, he explained Soviet desires to expand commercial and economic relations with the U.S. (see box). He offered for now no specific deals; it was scene-setting soft-sell for Soviet emissaries who will come after him.

Much of the week was ritual, relaxation and quiet conferences between Brezhnev, Nixon and their men. The sessions ranged from the White House to Camp David to San Clemente.

On arrival at Camp David, Brezhnev spotted a bicycle parked at the door of his cottage, slung a leg over it and told Assistant Protocol Chief William Codus with a grin: "Now you can report that I arrived by bicycle." He found the retreat meticulously prepared for his visit. There was a blue windshield wiper with a presidential seal, and next to his

bed in the rustic cottage named Dogwood was a Russian-language guidebook to the presidential hideaway. During his stay, the Soviet leader preferred hiking along the wooded paths to using the extensive recreational facilities. In the luxurious Blair House, diagonally across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House, his bedroom was supplied with bowls of cherries, a silver carafe of tea and an assortment of U.S. cigarettes. The larder was amply stocked with Russian vodka and wild honey to sweeten the yogurt he likes as a midnight snack. The bathroom, with its gold faucets, contained an elegant array of men's toiletries—shaving cream, aftershave lotion and hair spray. In California, the Nixons introduced Brezhnev to some 200 guests—many of them Hollywood celebrities—at a poolside, fiesta-style party at San Clemente.

Gold Teeth. Characteristically, Brezhnev repeatedly disrupted Nixon's careful schedules. He passed up lunch with his staff to keep the first day's talks going for four hours—twice the allotted time. It was an obvious attempt to throw Nixon off balance and a ploy used by Brezhnev when he met with West German Chancellor Willy Brandt in May. That night, the lobster supreme and fillet of beef had to be kept on the warmer at the White House for an hour while Brezhnev socialized with the 120 guests, his gold teeth flashing and his heavy boxer's face creased into genial folds. He fingered the two gold stars dangling from his left breast pocket, proudly identifying them as the Hero of the Soviet Union and the Hero of So-

cialist Labor awards. "Pure gold," he said. "There is a certificate, too, that proves I am a hero." After dinner, he looked as if he wanted to tarry with the guests again, prompting Secretary of State William Rogers to remark: "I don't think he wants to go." But Nixon firmly grasped the Soviet party leader's arm and steered him out the door.

In the State Department's ornate Benjamin Franklin Room, Brezhnev turned what was supposed to be a formal occasion for signing agreements Tuesday morning into a jovial get-acquainted party. For 17 minutes, he circulated like a favorite uncle at a wedding reception, with a word, a grin or a handshake for everyone within reach—Senators, Congressmen and Administration officials.

The night before his departure, Brezhnev spoke on television, as Nixon had done in Moscow. "The Soviet Union and the U.S. are self-sufficient, but to remove cooperation is to turn down substantial benefits," he told Americans. "Mankind has outgrown the cold-war armor which it was once forced to wear. It wants to breathe freely and peacefully." The U.S. and Russia are only at the "beginning of a long road" that will require "constant care, tireless efforts and patience."

Brezhnev whispers an aside to Nixon on the White House portico, tours Camp David, and greets spectators on the South Lawn. A Soviet flag festoons the Executive Office Building.

The View Beyond the Cold War

In his address to American business leaders in Washington, Leonid Brezhnev presented a remarkably candid and winning rationale for the new Soviet attitude toward the U.S. Excerpts.

The old Russian merchants used to carry their goods to Persia and sell them

there and buy Persian goods and bring them back to Russia. That was the basis for friendship, even in those days, between those two countries... Without trade no normal relations between any two countries are possible.

All [modern conditions] serve to raise interest in mutually advantageous exchanges, [which] mean trade and co-operation. And that feeling is growing in all countries of the world, but particularly among the big nations, such as the Soviet Union and the U.S.

The cold war put the brake on the development of relations between nations and slowed down the progress and advance of economic and scientific ties. I ask myself, was that a good period? Did it serve the interests of the people? And my answer to that is no, no, no and again no.

It was a war so cold that there came into being such means of warfare as atomic weapons, which must certainly cause us to start thinking, what are we preparing for—to destroy one another and to destroy our entire civilization, the product of thousands of years of man's efforts and labor, or should we en-

deavor to seek some other alternative?

We have certainly been prisoners of those old [cold war] trends, and to this day we have not been able fully to break those fetters and to come out into the open air, not only in the political field but in trade and economic ties.

Now, in the recent past it was impossible even to conceive of the possibility that one of our ministers could meet and talk to one of you... How could a representative of our socialist country, the country of Lenin, suddenly meet with a business executive of the U.S.?

It is my very firm belief that human reason and common sense will always be victorious over obscurantism. Before I left Moscow... I directed my criticism first and foremost against our own executives... for not being able to think big, for still being wary of large-scale developments in economic cooperation, although the Soviet Union is a country rich in resources. But at the same time, I also criticized you gentlemen for also being too cautious.

I say this on behalf of the Soviet Union and our leadership: We will certainly do all we can to help remove whatever difficulty you encounter on the way [to trade with Russia].

BREZHNEV & TREASURY SECRETARY SHULTZ







A Timely Friend in Need

The fear has been buried in champagne toasts (Roederer Cristal) and broad presidential smiles and the haunting strains of Tchaikovsky by the Marine Band.

But it is there, an insoluble hard lump in the hearts of the men who know how the world works. Is this the last act of summit virtuosity that Richard Nixon will be able to perform? In the next weeks he could be destroyed by Watergate or so diminished that he could never again face the world from his pinnacle, having lost confidence and influence at home and prestige abroad. In another of those oddities of this time, the old Communist Leonid Brezhnev was in town doing what he could to shore up the President's prestige.

Nixon is still, after all, the world's top statesman, in command of the most powerful military machine (which the Soviets still respect) and the most productive economic apparatus (which they want to duplicate). And Nixon last week was in his special arena. He is awfully good at summits. He was across the table from another tough leader who has knocked his way to the top and knows the destructibility of politicians and their dreams. The press and the public were far enough away not to bother, and Nixon could spar with Brezhnev even while signaling that as a member of the summit fraternity he understood Brezhnev's problems back home.

They signed all the papers and talked about all the subjects they were supposed to talk about and then they soared across the United States on smiles. But all of this could not dispel the doubts of Watergate, and in subtle ways even emphasized those doubts. Brezhnev had been briefed on Watergate. His heightened exuberance, his emphasis on personal rapport, were signals that he was trying to give his beleaguered host a bit of a boost in a tough time and, of course, protect the Brezhnev investment in Richard Nixon.

Maybe the first sign that he intended to be the best friend Nixon had last week came when Henry Kissinger went to see Brezhnev at Camp David the night before he went to the White House. Brezhnev bounded up to Kissinger, gave him a special bear hug and a kiss on the cheek, something Kissinger has heretofore received only from starlets.

In his private moments with his American hosts, Brezhnev grew mellow and a bit misty as he talked about the revolution and the war and his hopes for his people and all people. There was an urgency about the man, now 66, an understanding that time was getting short and he wanted to leave his monument.

The Soviet leader talked of his youth and hard work. His father, a metallurgical worker, had always told him, he said, that they ought to build a huge monument on a mountain to the man who brought peace. Brezhnev the engineer seemed a man driven by his past to achieve something beyond just power and dominance. He wanted to build, and he wanted Richard Nixon around for the next summit and the one after that.

He queried Kissinger at some length about whether the cottage at his country retreat, Zavidova (the equivalent of Camp David), would be appropriate for Nixon, or should the Soviets build something new along the lines of Camp David? Kissinger, who has stayed at Zavidova, thought the quarters were just fine. But at the White House dinner, Brezhnev sent his interpreter over to whisper in Kissinger's ear, asking if he thought the Soviet leader could tell Mrs. Nixon, his dinner companion, about the cottage.

Weeks ago Brezhnev was asked what gift he wanted. A Lincoln Continental, came the reply. They hid the car at Camp David, drove it out during one of the sessions, and when it was in place Nixon suddenly halted the meeting, took Brezhnev out to see the auto. He was delighted. Nixon suggested they go back to the meeting. Brezhnev insisted on a spin. He put Nixon inside, ignored the idea he stay on the Camp David roads and roared out on the highway. That too—automobiles and highways—seemed a part of the future, as Brezhnev saw it, in partnership with Nixon.

When the President pointed out one morning at the White House a 6-ft. 4-in., 250-lb. Iowa Congressman and said, "That's Bill Scherle, he's agriculture," Brezhnev leaped at Scherle. Looking up a full head above himself. How are crop prospects? Brezhnev wanted to know. Yes, he remembered Roswell Garst, who lives in Scherle's district, the man who had brought hybrid seed corn to Russia. They were studying productivity of crops and cattle—building up, Brezhnev told Scherle. When he moved on, Brezhnev left no doubt that during summit No. 4—that would be in 1975—he would like Richard Nixon around to take him out to the corn belt for a firsthand look.

Big John Drops Out

His jutting jaw, broad shoulders and close-cropped hair conveying an unmistakable aura of power, John Connally strode into the White House briefing room last week to hold a press conference. But appearances were somewhat deceiving. The tall Texan was there to confess to a loss of power at the White House. After a mere six weeks as President Nixon's adviser, he announced he was planning to resign some time in the summer and go off on a long-deferred trip around the world.

Entertaining the White House press corps with humor and relative candor, he admitted that his usefulness had ended. "I think I have given about all the advice I have to give. Obviously, I am not being fully utilized in an advisory capacity. I am catching up on reading."

For the record, he continued to defend the President. One of the reasons Nixon got into trouble, said Connally, was "his enormous delegation of authority and responsibility. That has been his style of operation. You have to take him for what he is, as you do any President, because he is a human being."

Sandbagged. Connally denied press reports that he was quitting because he had not been given a staff or had not been consulted enough. From most accounts, however, he had been unhappy in his job. At the outset, he was sandbagged by a politician even more cunning than himself. He had turned down Nixon's offer of the Defense Department or a top job on the White House staff. He preferred to serve as a low-keyed, part-time adviser so that he could come and go as he pleased.

He took his new job seriously; he gave the President unvarnished advice. He urged him to come clean on Watergate. He told Ron Ziegler that he had lost all credibility as press secretary. "If I were in your shoes," said Connally, "I wouldn't stay around here." Before long, Connally's phone stopped ringing; he found that he was not first among equals in the White House but just one adviser among many. At the state dinner for Leonid Brezhnev last week, he told reporters: "You can give advice, but you can't make 'em take it. I'm like the old man who said, 'I can teach it to you, but I can't learn it for you.'" As a Connally friend put it: "He Dutch-uncled on Watergate, and Nixon just didn't want to hear that."

Connally had come aboard a dangerously listing ship with the expectation of helping to save it, only to find out the captain did not want his kind of help. Now Connally is abandoning it with less of a reputation than when he boarded. His presidential aspirations have suffered a setback, but he plans to rebuild by campaigning for Republican candidates in 1974. From now on, he will have to search for power in corridors outside the White House.

Left: During a toast at the State Department, Brezhnev spills his champagne, then playfully hides behind napkin. Right: The leaders cruise aboard the presidential yacht Sequoia. Nixon and the Johnny Mann Singers applaud Brezhnev at the White House.

Guerrilla Warfare at Credibility Gap

D (for Dean) Day was at hand. With the best of motives, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield called time out in the Watergate hearings for the duration of Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev's visit to the U.S. But coming on the very brink of the TV appearance of John W. Dean III, the President's former counsel and now most dangerous accuser, the sudden and unexpected pause in public testimony did little to keep Watergate from crowding Brezhnev for press attention.

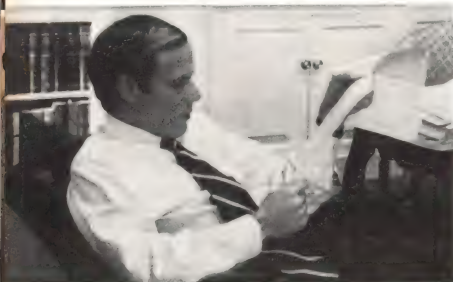
Something very close to guerrilla warfare at credibility gap erupted, as both critics and defenders of Nixon and

him before hearing him out, while the sketchy advance revelations of his charges could reduce their impact. Stung by all of the leaks, Chairman Ervin turned uncharacteristically harsh. "Some people," he said crisply, "don't have enough restraint to keep their mouths shut."

In that bitter backstage struggle to influence the public's view of Dean, the White House fed some 50 questions to the staff of the Ervin committee—questions that Dean would presumably have difficulty handling. One of them, sprung on Dean in his private staff grilling, was whether he had used Nixon campaign

vious. Dean's testimony indicated his belief that Nixon had direct knowledge of the Watergate cover-up activities long before the President finally admitted in April—ten months after the Watergate arrests—that his own investigation had turned up new evidence of possible White House involvement.

Moreover, Dean's refusal to talk further to the committee staff left vast areas of his account still untouched and therefore largely unknown. The staff was unable to question him, for example, about the precise substance of his multiple conversations with the President pending a committee decision on



JOHN DEAN AT HOME BEFORE GIVING HIS PUBLIC WATERGATE TESTIMONY
The delay was damaging, but the statement shaped up as devastating.

Dean joined in nasty combat over the character and believability of the witness before he could take the stand. Testifying to the staff of Senator Sam Ervin's committee in private, Dean found that his words—some self-damning, some damaging to the President—leaked out and were carried across the nation. That was exactly what Mansfield had hoped to avoid, and it infuriated Dean. He refused to talk further until he could tell his story fully and carefully this week on TV.

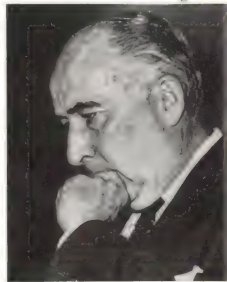
That indignation ill-fitted a man who, with his lawyers, had earlier used the calculated news leak prolifically and adroitly in his struggle to gain immunity against criminal prosecution. His adamant position also tempted the Ervin committee to cite him for contempt of the Senate. But the committee, in rare agreement with a balky witness, conceded that Dean had every right to object. Dean felt that the unfavorable leaks could influence people to doubt

funds to finance his honeymoon last fall. He conceded that he had—and this was promptly leaked to the press. Nixon associates also supplied the committee with a White House summary of conversations between Dean and Nixon that conflicted with Dean's account; this too was quickly conveyed to newsmen. Still apparently unwilling to abandon its discredited snooping tactics, the White House, TIME has also learned, has hired private detectives to probe Dean's background further. Claimed a source friendly to Dean: "They can't call on the FBI any more, so they've gone out and hired their own private eyes."

Secret Summary. Concerned that the White House was still trying to conceal high-level involvement in the Watergate conspiracy, committee sources secretly released a summary of some of the major points Dean had made in five hours of testimony behind closed doors. While not as sensational as anticipated, and already diluted by pre-

whether this would violate attorney-client privilege. Before the committee could come to a decision, the White House declared that it no longer was making any such claim against divulging Dean's talks with the President, and that point—once strongly stressed by Nixon himself—is now moot.

Thus there were no longer any strings to retard a free-wheeling exposition by Dean or a thorough examination by the committee, which also hopes to get John Mitchell on camera before this week is out. Dean was to first spin out his story in a 156-page statement that could take up to six hours to read. From his standpoint, the only advantage in the week's delay and the White House-inspired leaks was that his memory of some talks with the President had been refreshed, his presentation further honed. "It's an even more devastating paper now than it would have been a week earlier," claimed a Dean associate. Perhaps so, but only



SCHEDULED WITNESS JOHN MITCHELL

after the Senators and the staff counsels put Dean through a grueling televised questioning can any sound assessment of his testimony be made.

Dean's story is still to be tested under fire, and a fuller accounting may well shift the entire perspective. But what was known of his story on the eve of his testimony directly assailed the past public positions of the President and also of Nixon's chief former aides, H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, both of whom were Dean's superiors in the White House.

Counseling. One startling claim Dean was ready to make, TIME has learned, is that Nixon told him he had discussed the possibility of granting Executive clemency to a Watergate wiretapper with one of his former aides, Charles W. Colson (see box following page). This was at a time when Dean and Nixon were on friendly professional terms, counseling each other about their own culpability in the Watergate scandal. Dean recalls Nixon saying: "I shouldn't have seen Colson regarding Executive clemency for Howard Hunt." If true, this is an outright admission of the President's willingness to consider cover-up activity.

In a similar context, Dean was set to claim, he expressed concern about his own role in the cover-up to Nixon and was relieved when the President reassured him that he had nothing to worry about. Thus Dean continued to help keep the facts of White House involvement under wraps. Nixon told him he "had every right" to sit in on FBI interviews with White House personnel on Watergate and read all FBI reports on the affair—actions actually undertaken to aid the cover-up.

After convicted Wiretapper James McCord wrote a letter to Federal Judge John Sirica claiming that higher officials were involved, the cover-up began to come apart, and Nixon, according to Dean, was troubled. It did not help when Dean told the President last spring that Haldeman and Ehrlichman, as well as Dean himself, might be indicted. The President then discussed with Dean the possibility of his own impeachment—a damaging indication of how seriously Nixon took his own involvement.

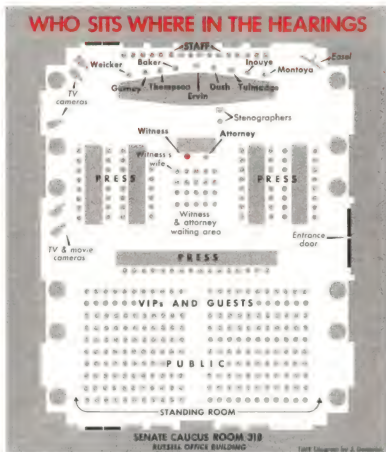
In his private testimony, Dean claimed that Nixon knew of the cover-up "at least" as early as Sept. 15, 1972. That was the day the Watergate indictments were announced. They were limited to the low-level men arrested for the break-in. At this time, according to Dean, Nixon praised him, and Dean assumed this was because he had helped keep the investigation confined to those functionaries. About the same time, Dean said, the President ordered his staff to apply pressure to the House Banking and Currency Committee to abort its plans to hold Watergate hearings. The hearings were canceled when the committee voted against seeking subpoena power to compel testimony.

Dean gave an appalling account of

the Watergate mentality afflicting the White House. He claimed that Nixon asked him to keep a list of reporters who were "giving them trouble" and said that after the election the Administration "would take care of them," possibly through audits of their income tax returns. Dean said that he has documents showing that the President's political use of the Internal Revenue Service included incidents in which Nixon "requested that tax audits be turned off on friends of his." But Dean either does not have or will not reveal the names of the reporters or the "friends."

As for Haldeman and Ehrlichman,

Ehrlichman who had ordered him "to lean on" Deputy CIA Director Lieut. General Vernon Walters to try to persuade the FBI to limit its Watergate investigation. This was attempted through Walters rather than then CIA Director Richard Helms. Dean said, because "Walters owed his allegiance to the White House," Walters temporarily helped stall the FBI, then refused to cooperate further in the cover-up. According to Dean, Ehrlichman told him that he ought to take some espionage equipment found in Hunt's Executive Office Building safe after the burglary and throw it into the Potomac River.



who have consistently denied that either they or the President had any knowledge of the political-espionage plans or the post-Watergate obstruction of justice. Dean told the committee staff that he fully briefed both of these intimate Nixon aides within two weeks after the arrests at Democratic headquarters. At that time, Dean said, he knew that former Attorney General John Mitchell and the Nixon re-election committee's deputy director, Jeb Stuart Magruder, had been aware of the wiretapping plans, and held strong suspicions that Colson had been as well.

Dean also contended that it was

Dean will fully admit his own participation in all of these illegal or unethical activities—in fact he has no choice but to do so. Unlike some of the past committee witnesses, he will not claim that he acted out of misguided loyalty to the President. He was prepared to say that he acted out of "stupidity" in persisting even though "he knew better."

If Dean's pre-TV testimony suggests a damning indictment of top level White House misconduct in the whole Watergate affair, counterattacks last week by Nixon associates tended, at the least, to confuse and cast doubt on the Dean

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allegations. The most substantive rebuttal was a terse and obviously incomplete accounting of what White House attorneys now handling Watergate (presumably Leonard Garment and J. Fred Buzhardt) contend had been discussed by Dean and the President in 18 conversations between last Sept. 15 and Nixon's dismissal of Dean in April.

Although billed as strictly a White House version, the summary was actually prepared by the Ervin committee's Chief Minority Counsel Fred Thompson for the use of the committee—and after Dean had begun his staff testimony. Thus the document appeared to be partly a response to Dean's words rather than an entirely independent White

House recollection of the events.

Rather than the cordial discussions of two lawyers mulling over mutual Watergate problems, as Dean described, the Thompson summary depicts Dean as continually accusing the President that no one on the White House staff had any Watergate involvement. The summary cites six conversations between Feb. 28 and March 20 in which Dean was said to have told Nixon this. The only doubt Dean was said to have raised in this period was in a talk on March 13 when he suggested that Gordon Strachan, an aide to Haldeman who served as liaison between Haldeman and the Nixon re-election committee, "could be involved."

It was not until March 21, according to this version, that Dean finally told Nixon all he knew about Watergate. He then claimed "that Magruder probably knew, that Mitchell possibly knew, that Strachan probably knew, that Haldeman had possibly seen the fruits of the wiretaps through Strachan and that Ehrlichman was vulnerable because of Kalmbach's fund-raising efforts." That was a reference to Nixon's personal attorney, Herbert W. Kalmbach, who has admitted raising large sums of money that were used to buy the silence of the arrested burglars. This would explain why Nixon first admitted in a television speech April 17 that as a result of new information received on March 21

White House Intrigue: Colson v. Dean

One fascinating factor in the John W. Dean III case involves his cat-and-mouse relationship with Charles W. Colson, the shrewd former colleague of Dean's at the White House and now one of the most vociferous advocates of the President's—and his own—innocence in the whole Watergate affair. Chuck ("Chuckles" to some newsmen) Colson had hired E. Howard Hunt Jr., as a special White House investigator and "plumber." He insists he had nothing to do with the former CIA agent after Hunt left the White House on March 29, 1972, to become a Nixon committee wiretapper.

Yet it became known last week that Hunt has told Ervin committee investigators that Colson called him last year on May 15, the day Alabama Governor George C. Wallace was shot, and just two weeks before the first Watergate break-in. Hunt said Colson asked him to burglarize the assailant's Milwaukee apartment to see if anything could be found to connect Arthur H. Bremer with leftist causes. Hunt refused on the ground that official investigators already would be examining Bremer's quarters and might catch him.

The Ervin committee and other investigators have also learned that before Hunt pleaded guilty in the Watergate burglary, he telephoned Colson to demand money—even though he had then already received some \$200,000. Colson recorded the conversation. As Dean described it, investigators now suspect this was done by Colson in an attempt to clear himself. Colson said distinctly: "This is all very interesting. Howard, but I can't understand why you're telling all this to me. As you know, I don't know anything about the Watergate incident." Hunt kept right on asking for money.

Colson then gave the recording to Dean, who says he passed the Hunt demands along to John N. Mitchell, H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman. Colson later asked for the tape back, but Dean stalled, contending he had misplaced it. He finally returned it—after making a copy that has now been turned over to the Ervin committee.

Dean's use of the tape, according to Watergate prosecutors, implicates him in the attempts to keep Hunt quiet, while some committee investigators believe it is evidence of Colson's involvement.

Colson earlier had sent Dean a memo describing a visit from Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy in which they had complained that their "security activities" for the Nixon committee had not yet been approved by Mitchell. Colson said in the memo he did not know what the proposal was but nevertheless had called Jeb Stuart Magruder to urge prompt consideration of it. Dean, knowing the plan was the Watergate bugging, sent the memo back to Colson, urging its destruction. The prosecutors consider this more evidence that Dean was obstructing justice. Some Ervin committee investigators, however, consider it a Colson move to entrap Dean.

Last week Colson sat down with TIME Correspondent Simmons Fentress. Bitter about the press, Colson charged that newsmen were "playing the game of innuendo to try to get after the President." He called it "bloody outrageous." He was especially angry at Washington Post Reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, who first reported Hunt's claim that Colson had suggested a Bremer burglary.

What actually happened, Colson contended, is that after the Wallace shooting, "the President was concerned that the FBI wasn't moving quickly or massively enough," so Colson was directed to keep prodding the agency. He claims he instructed the FBI to guard the Bremer apartment about 7 p.m. "It's patently inconceivable that I'd send Hunt out there after 7 p.m.," Colson protested. "I'd had the apartment cordoned off. Christ, I'm not stupid." Referring to a memo he had written to himself for the record about his call to Hunt, Colson said he had only asked Hunt, "Howard, who do you think is behind this? Is he left or right? Why did he do it?"

Colson has been consistently critical of Dean and Mitchell, and to a lesser degree of Haldeman and Ehrlichman (he calls them "Hans and Fritz"). He admits that he began writing memos to protect himself as soon as Hunt's snooping became known. "The headline was out, COLSON AIDED TIED TO WATERGATE, and I figured I'd be the guy to take it up to the ass. So I dictated all I could remember. If I had been up to some skulduggery, why would I admit the [Hunt] call and put it into a memorandum?" Added Colson: "It's a self-serving memo, obviously. I said, 'Christ, I'm going to be the culprit,' so I wrote down every contact I'd had with Hunt."



COLSON IN HIS WASHINGTON LAW OFFICE

he began to suspect that White House personnel—despite all his own past denials—might have been involved.

The Thompson-White House summary does concede, as Dean has claimed in the past, that on April 16 Nixon asked Dean to resign and prepared two documents for his signature. The summary does not explain the need for two papers. Dean contends that one was a resignation, the other a confession of his sole role in the Watergate cover-up—papers Dean would not sign because he claimed that Ehrlichman and Haldeman were deeply involved as well and must share the blame. Thus it was that Nixon announced on April 30 that Dean had been fired and Ehrlichman and Haldeman had resigned.

The White House-inspired version also set up a counter to Dean's well-publicized contention that Nixon had dissembled with him raising as much as \$1,000,000 in hush money and had said that it could be paid to the men arrested for the break-in. The Thompson paper put this in different perspective. It claims that Conspirator Hunt was threatening to reveal his past spying activities as a White House leak-plugging "plumber" unless he was paid up to \$1,000,000. The President, by this account, told Dean: "What makes you think he would be satisfied with that?" Nixon "stated it was blackmail, that it was wrong, that it would not work, that the truth would come out anyway." Dean, on the other hand, told the Ervin staff that Hunt had demanded \$72,000 in hush money, plus \$50,000 in legal fees—and that Ehrlichman assured him that John Mitchell had arranged for paying the money to the blackmail.

Even the pro-Nixon summary contains the admission that the President was told by Dean on March 17 about the burglary of a Los Angeles psychiatrist's office to seek information about Pentagon Papers Defendant Daniel Ellsberg. This was more than a month before the Administration informed the judge in the trial about it. The White House-ordered bag job contributed to dismissal of the case. Nixon had implied in a May 22 statement that he learned of this burglary on April 25 and then had "immediately" informed the court.

Personal Use. The week's most damaging development to Dean was his admission before the Ervin staff that he had taken \$4,850 to finance his honeymoon from a leftover 1968 Nixon campaign fund of \$15,200. He had been given the money to hold while determining whether there were any legal restrictions on its use in the 1972 campaign. According to one committee source, the question of whether Dean had taken the money was asked by Minority Counsel Thompson "out of the blue." Dean was said to have readily admitted using the money, placing either a personal I.O.U. or a personal check in the safe until he could repay it. He said that he did cover the check later



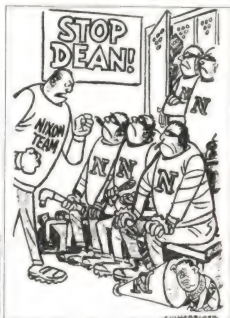
and then put the entire \$15,200 in a trust account pending its disposition.

Nevertheless, the possibility that Dean may have personally benefited from the huge amounts of campaign money handled by the Nixon campaign workers in the tempting form of cash was a far easier allegation of criminality to understand than all of the conflicting claims about possible perjury, cover-up and obstruction of justice. It moved Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott to condemn Dean as "a turncoat" and an "embezzler" and claim that "a man who can embezzle can easily tell lies. It's a very short step down."

The whole miserable Watergate affair contains a cast of characters who have repeatedly lied to investigators and grand juries—as well as the public. The problem is to determine at what point, and to what extent, Dean and the other involved officials have decided to stop lying and tell the truth. Not to be a turncoat, in this sense, is to continue the deception. Magruder, for one, openly admitted his perjury but proved a highly credible witness before the Ervin committee, apparently convinced that further lying was both wrong and pointless. Dean, directly challenging the President and his top aides, would seem foolhardy indeed if he is now accusing them with false testimony.

Those who heard Dean last week in the private sessions were impressed by his command of specifics and his candor. Testing him, Senator Baker asked pointed questions about three incidents in which Baker had dealt with the White House—and found Dean's version of the events precise and accurate. Whether he stands up equally well under the long ordeal of his televised testimony this week remains a question of profound significance to the whole course of the Watergate investigation—and to the political future of Richard Nixon.

Yet even if the Dean testimony proves inconclusive, Watergate clearly is not going to fade away quickly. Stirred only in part by Dean's admission of, at best, borrowing from campaign funds, the Ervin committee revealed last week that it will investigate the personal finances of many of the



"Remember, men—this is the one that counts."

major Watergate figures who handled large amounts of cash. The committee is obviously suspicious that some of those \$100 bills may have been skimmed off into private pockets.

An equally ominous new area of investigation was reported to be under way by the increasingly active staff of Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox. The New York Times claimed that a special grand jury may be convened to explore the possibility that the Nixon fund raisers employed "extortion" tactics in soliciting money from individuals and corporations in various kinds of trouble with the Federal Government. The problems coerced contributors had, the Times said, ranged from income tax cases to disputes with the Securities and Exchange Commission and disputes about cost overruns on Federal contracts. Among the fund raisers expected to be quizzed are Kalmbach and Stans.

In response to questions at a press

THE NATION

conference. Cox conceded that his staff is also studying the legal considerations involved in the impeachment of a President. This includes questions about whether a President could be indicted preceding impeachment and whether he could be subpoenaed to testify before a grand jury. Cox quickly cautioned, however, that it was "wrong to draw any inferences" from this and that "it's a possible avenue of legal inquiry and therefore one that I have to be informed on."

Moving forward in its consideration of new criminal indictments in the Watergate case, the Cox group also acted to protect its emerging case against Dean. Although he has been granted limited immunity by the Ervin committee, Dean can still be prosecuted as long as any indictment is not based on evidence gathered from his committee testimony. Thus Cox last week gave Judge Sirica a two-inch-thick sealed envelope containing evidence against Dean that Justice Department prosecutors had gathered prior to Dean's testimony to the Senate committee. It is to be opened only if Dean claims that he is later be-

ing prosecuted because of his public statements. The contents of the envelope presumably would refute this.

Yet it is of course the President's fate rather than that of his former aides that most concerns the nation. Even before Dean's public testimony began, one of the President's most loyal and sympathetic former advisers told TIME that he sees, sadly, only a fifty-fifty chance that Nixon can remain in office. This insider considers it conceivable, though unlikely, that Nixon was so isolated by his Berlin wall of Ehrlichman and Haldeman that he did not know about either the espionage plans or the later concealment. "The White House was like a prophylactic sac," he says. "Everything was artificially insulated." The former official believes that Nixon insisted on this kind of protection because he had developed an unrealistic distrust of others; thus the aides around Nixon could have kept the reality of Watergate from him.

This same former adviser considers it far more probable that John Mitchell, for one, told Nixon about the wiretapping plans in advance, or if not that,

certainly about what had happened immediately after the Nixon committee was linked to the arrested men at the Watergate, and that Mitchell resigned. Yet Mitchell has too high a regard for the President to admit this, if true, and in this experienced politician's judgment, Haldeman is too tough and loyal to change his testimony. Ehrlichman, in this view, is the weakest of the trio.

All three of those key figures are expected to follow Dean into the klieg-lit Senate Caucus Room. So too will such also potentially damaging witnesses as the mysterious Kalmbach, who handled so much payoff money, Gordon Strachan, who can discredit Haldeman, and David Young, a member of the White House plumbers staff, who could undermine Ehrlichman. If Ehrlichman and Haldeman are discredited in testimony, Nixon might have to argue that even these most trusted aides deceived him. On the other hand, that future lineup of witnesses could reinforce Nixon's claims of non-involvement, and he could emerge relatively clean. But first, he must hear out—and deal with—the words of John Dean.

Will the Real Martha Mitchell Please Hang Up?

One Martha Mitchell has always been careful enough, but for a few bizarre hours last week there seemed to be two Martha Mitchells at work, and neither of them was at a loss for words.

The bogus Martha was elusive because she used only the most celebrated Martha Mitchell weapon—the telephone. At 10:30 a.m. last Tuesday, TIME Washington Correspondent Bonnie Angelo received a call from a woman who identified herself as "Martha Mitchell." The caller apparently was a wily impersonator. She claimed to be in Washington with John Mitchell and phoning from a booth. Airplane noises could be heard on the line as she spoke. Earlier she had phoned Washington *Post* Managing Editor Howard Simons, and later she would call Washington *Star-News* Editor Newbold Noyes. In a familiar Martha-like diatribe, she declared that "Magruder, Dean, everybody at the White House and Mr. Nixon are all liars," and denounced Senate Watergate Committee Chairman Sam Ervin as a "country hick from North Carolina—I could ask better questions than he does."

Telltale blunders, however, gave the caller away. Though the accent sounded Southern, the voice was too gravelly with whisky, and the speech too ungrammatical, for Martha. The impostor went on to confess: "I am half drunk—I do drink a little bit. Why shouldn't I drink a little bit?" Anyone who has received a call from Martha Mitchell knows that she consistently denies having downed a drop of alcohol before get-

ting on the phone. The impersonator said she had attended the state dinner for Soviet Leader Leonid Brezhnev the night before (actually, Martha was at her Manhattan apartment), and expressed genuine fondness for Pat Nixon (who, in point of fact, has infuriated Martha). Strangest of all, the woman offered this defense for John Mitchell's innocence: "My husband is so stupid he hasn't got sense enough to know whether it is raining or snowing outside. He couldn't have done all these things."

Mitchell's attorneys have since

RICHARD CORBETT—NEW YORK DAILY NEWS



MARTHA LEAVING FIFTH AVENUE APARTMENT

vowed that they were meeting with both Mitchells in their apartment at the time of the call to Correspondent Angelo. The real Martha was inimitable herself last week, as always. Irrked by the hordes of newsmen frequently hovering outside her Fifth Avenue apartment, Martha emerged twice from the building Tuesday night, and was met both times by Associated Press Reporter Judy Yablonky. The second time she grabbed the doorman's hat and threw it, striking Reporter Yablonky in the face. She then struck the newswoman twice on top of the head and threatened to "thomp the hell" out of the reporter if she set foot on the building doorstep. The encounter ended when the Mitchells' twelve-year-old daughter Marty arrived home, took her mother by the hand and led her back upstairs.

Doubtless fed up with journalistic prying into her private life, Martha got on the line to U.P.I.'s Helen Thomas (who is certain that this was the real Martha) and announced that she and Marty were "going South." Before leaving, she merely wanted to reiterate her view that Nixon should resign. "I don't like Agnew, but my God, I think he's better than Nixon. I've told my husband repeatedly that I may not be here many years, but Marty will be, and his grandchildren." For good measure, she telephoned NBC and spoke to Newsman Peter Hackes, insisting yet again that Nixon "knew all about" the Watergate cover-up. It all had a familiar and increasingly sad ring.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY

Meet the New Agnew

As the Watergate storm swirls around him without appearing to damage him, Vice President Spiro Agnew has become a potentially more important figure than at any time since he took office. Talking with TIME Washington Correspondent Hays Gorey last week, he expressed his "total confidence" that the President was not involved in Watergate, and indicated that he could only imagine himself becoming President in 1977, if he decided to run and was elected.

Still, he was careful to put some distance, however modest, between the President and himself. He suggested that setting up the Committee for the Re-Election of the President was a mistake. He thought that the President should submit to some kind of press interview on Watergate. He strongly opposed wiretapping, except under court order in cases involving national security or organized crime. While defending Nixon's foreign policy, he made it clear that his own domestic policy would be different.

In the course of the conversation, Agnew did not resort to any of his old gibes against radio-lies or anybody else—suggesting that a certain mellowing has occurred in the nation's second highest political office. A somewhat new Agnew seemed to be emerging as he presented his views on current problems and future prospects:

The President's role in Watergate. I would assume that if he's human and fallible like the rest of us, he's made some mistakes. But I think they have been very minimal. It's pretty hard for me to make an analysis of what could have been done to prevent the unfortunate Watergate situation. Some people say he should not have set up the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. In hindsight, you can make a good argument for that.

Watergate does show one thing. In a job as big as the presidency, you can't watch everything. You're at the mercy of people carrying out your instructions. I don't think there's any foolproof way in which a person who heads a large enterprise can protect himself against people who work for him. You want people with initiative. You don't want people who check with you before doing anything, because that's of no value to you. When you stimulate initiative, you bring about the situation where sometimes people make a misjudgment based on their analysis and not on yours. There isn't any other way. We're all locked into the people we work for.

The President's statements on Watergate. I think he has said everything he can possibly say as of this moment. Given the fact that these matters are pending in the courts, and the fact that when the President speaks he is

heard worldwide, any kind of speculation on his part could be highly prejudicial. You remember the criticism that burst around him when he made the statement about Charles Manson? There's a similar situation here.

Obviously it is important to get the President before the people. I think a freewheeling press conference would be a mistake. I don't think the President can be put in a position where there's an inquisition with people screaming and yelling the way they've been known to do. Out of that volatile atmosphere comes an impression that's highly misleading sometimes. If you could get some of the giants of your profession, a couple of people from the electronic media, a couple of people from the print media, to represent the profession, you could figure out a proper kind of interview. You could screen out the matters that are highly improper under the circumstances and concentrate strictly on information concerning the President's position.

Campaign financing. I've given a lot of thought to this, and I wish I could sit here and tell you I have the answers. But I don't, because in the final analysis, no matter how good your reforms are and how ideal the method of financing campaigns, there will always be those who break the law. The only reason I feel optimistic that some kind of financing within the public area could help is that the law of diminishing returns applies to money put into political campaigns. If a candidate has enough money to take care of his immediate requirements—getting his name before the public, taking care of his travel and headquarters—then another candidate may spend twice as much but he won't get twice as much back for it. I'm leaning toward the idea of making sure that every serious candidate has enough money to run a decent, respectable campaign without raising funds through private sources.

Bugging. The entire idea of bugging I find personally repulsive. I understand that wiretapping under court surveillance for specified matters of national security and against organized crime is a tactic that has led to some very good results, which could not have been obtained otherwise. But surreptitious wiretapping for political reasons is offensive to me. I would never sanction listening in on somebody else's personal conversations.

The role of the Vice President. I don't really see that a Vice President can be given a direct line assignment. Suppose the President handed me an assignment in a field that conflicted with a Cabinet officer's direct responsibility? That would be automatic trouble be-

*During the 1970 trial of Manson for cult murders in California, Nixon remarked that the press was glamorizing a man who was "guilty, directly, or indirectly, of eight murders without reason." After widespread criticism in the press, Nixon issued a retraction: he had not intended to prejudge Manson's guilt.

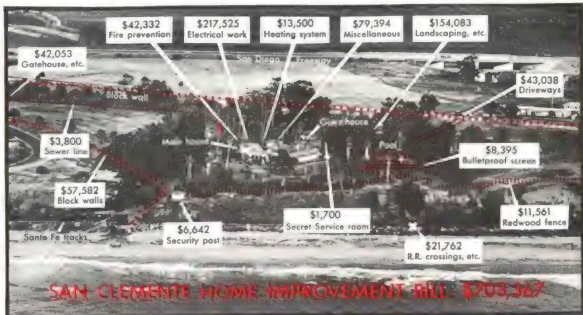


AGNEW MAKING A POINT
A certain mellowing.

cause I'd be stepping on his toes. So usually what the Vice President is given to do cuts across Cabinet lines, like dealing with revenue sharing. I think President Nixon views the Vice President as a spokesman for Administration policy. He is not dealing with conflicting interests within the Government. He is dealing more with expressing established policy to opinion leaders throughout the country.

The policies he would pursue if he became President. I think the President's foreign policy judgments have been really superior. They have diminished tension in the world. We really do see the world quieting down. If I could continue the President's foreign policy, I would consider that a very good course. I would probably have some different things I would like to try in the domestic field. That doesn't mean my ideas are superior to those of the President. It simply means that everyone who has had fairly broad experience has his own notions of what would be successful. Domestic policy, as opposed to foreign policy, requires a great many more frequent fine tunings and adjustments.

Press relations. I've tried to be more forthcoming with reporters in interviews and let them see a little more of what my thought processes are. I've also tried to be a little more trusting about how they're going to handle the story and not look at each question as some way to get at me. I have to say that since we've been talking more freely, I think my interviews have been a better reflection of what I think than when I had to worry about each construction of every phrase I said. I've learned that if you get 60% of what you're trying to put across, that's all right.



WHITE HOUSE

Can't Anybody in There Count?

Not long ago, the Nixon Administration promulgated the notion of the "inoperative statement." Now it has come up with the inoperative audit. One month ago the White House announced that only \$39,525 had been paid out of tax revenue to improve President Nixon's home at San Clemente, Calif. The money, the Government spokesman explained, had been spent, for the most part, on security measures requested by the Secret Service. Two and a half weeks later, under pressure from inquiring newsmen, the White House dug further and reported a fresh figure more than ten times higher—\$456,352. But West Coast reporters remained skeptical; there still seemed to be improvements that had not been accounted for. Lo and behold, last week the White House came up with a revision of its revision that raised the total public moneys spent on home improvements to \$703,367.

A spokesman for the General Services Administration, the Government department that paid the money, said, "We recognize there's quite a gap between the new figure for San Clemente and the figures we gave you before. But we were giving out information piecemeal before, and now we have a very thorough search of the record." Through, indeed. The GSA also announced in the same breath that \$626,201 in tax money had been spent for equipment and improvements at Nixon's home at Key Biscayne, Fla.

The GSA insists that virtually all the improvements were made in the name of security and had been requested by the Secret Service. If so, one must con-

clude that the Secret Service has become more concerned with aesthetics and amenities than with the President's safety. Among the more curious items in the San Clemente figures: \$8,395 for a bullet-resistant screen separating the swimming pool from the ocean (since there seems to be no real threat from the Pacific, it has been suggested that the real purpose of the screen is to secure the President against shore breezes); \$9,910 to "remove dry weeds to eliminate fire hazards"; \$1,853 for a flag pole and \$476 to paint it; \$1,105 to clean the beach; \$76,000 for landscaping and lawn sprinklers, and another \$25,524 for "landscape maintenance."

Spending tax money for presidential retreats is nothing new—nor is it necessarily wrong. It is an ungenerous country that cannot let its President relax in comfort and safety. F.D.R., for instance, had a retreat called Shangri-La built in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains with \$15,000 from the White House budget and with thousands of dollars more that were hidden in various departmental budgets. But that was public property and is now better known as Camp David. Other Presidents have had additions made to their private homes. Until the Nixon Administration, those outlays were made by the Defense Department, which does not disclose the amounts or items and, like the GSA until now, may well have never bothered to add up what may have been spent on J.F.K.'s Hyannis Port home, Ike's Gettysburg farm or L.B.J.'s ranch.

But Nixon's house at San Clemente seems to be a special case. The financing of the purchase itself is still cloud-

ed, and the cost and nature of the improvements pose serious questions about what public outlays should properly be and what outlays ought to be Homeowner Nixon's responsibility. There is something vaguely disquieting in a litany of purchases that ranges from such presumably necessary items as \$509 for installing security locks to such dubious entries as \$6.83 for picture frame supplies and \$999 for fertilizer.

NEW ENGLAND

Lobster War

What price lobster? So valued are the tasty crustaceans that two U.S. states are in a boiling dispute. Last January a New Hampshire lobsterman was arrested by a Maine patrol boat for fishing north of the rather vague boundary separating the two states' ocean waters. New Hampshire's Governor Meldrim Thomson Jr. promptly hoisted the colors. He suggested that Maine Governor Kenneth Curtis drop the charges. Curtis ignored him, and the lobsterman was convicted and fined.

Then, Maine struck again. Angered that 200 lobster pots had been cut from their moorings, a patrol flagged down New Hampshire lobsterman Edwin Capone. He allowed his boat to be taken in tow, though only after a Maine warden reached for his gun. "Maine has declared war on us!" cried Governor Thomson hyperbolically. He told his state's lobstermen: "You are soldiers in an important battle for the future of the state." But he promptly moved to disarm the crisis before the two states reach their Lobster Thermidor and start shooting, by filing a claim in the U.S. Supreme Court to an additional 2,400 acres of lobstering water.



Power freeze

That's what certain groups are advocating today, a slowdown of progress in America. They propose to limit economic expansion and, in some cases, even suggest "zero growth." They want industry to stop growing...no new factories, no new electric power plants...and claim that this is necessary to preserve the environment.

Restricted growth is, in fact, not practical. Like the human body, industry is a living complex. It either renews itself by growing, or it starts to decline and collapse.

The people who oppose the construction of new power plants fail to realize the importance of electricity as a pollution solution—in many cases the only solution. More electricity is needed to clean up our waterways, purify the air, recycle wastes and power tomorrow's mass transit systems.

And we need more electric power to help create the new jobs and paychecks that keep our standard of living the highest in the world.

We'll need even more electricity in the coming decades. Without it, we'd be slamming the door on progress and endangering America's economic leadership.

Our power companies are making every effort to provide electricity for the future. With a minimum effect on the environment and maximum effect on our comfort and safety. They need your encouragement and support.

We can't afford to put our future on ice.

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FLY THE

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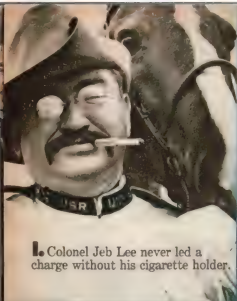
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NORTHWEST ORIENT

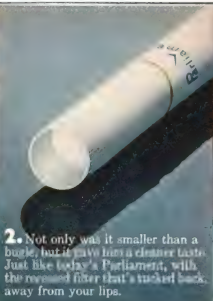


ORIENT EXPRESS

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2. Not only was it smaller than a bugle, but it gave him a cleaner taste. Just like today's Parliament, with the recessed filter that's tucked back away from your lips.



3. With Parliament, you never taste a filter. Just rich, clean flavor. Now ol' Jeb would get a charge out of that.

The Parliament recessed filter. It works like a cigarette holder works.



Kings: 15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—
100's: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

ARGENTINA

The Second Coming of Perón

The stage was set for the biggest welcoming party in South American history. Ex-Dictator Juan Domingo Perón, now 77, was coming home, and for the better part of a week the faithful *descamisados* (shirtless ones) streamed toward the huge meadow near Buenos Aires' Ezeiza International Airport. They numbered in the millions, perhaps one, perhaps three—nobody could count how many. The orchestra and chorus of Buenos Aires' Colón Opera House were on hand to sing Peronist hymns; kites bearing Perón's image flew overhead, and from the massive crowd came the chant: "Wake up, be happy! Our general is coming home!"

Some 18,000 pigeons (1,000 for each year of Perón's exile) were to be released. But by the time they were set loose, the 50-acre meadow below had turned into a bloody battlefield. Volleys of shots rang out, and thousands of people fell to the ground or scrambled for shelter, screaming. When the shooting stopped, 34 Argentines lay dead and 342 were wounded. They were victims not of police or army violence but of bitter hatreds within the movement that calls itself Peronism—a polymorphous organization that encompasses old-line union chiefs, Trotskyite students and brown-shirted thugs.

Dividend Movement. The slaughter at the airport, cabled TIME Correspondent Charles Eiseendracht, rose from the fact that "in important respects Argentina today resembles Germany just before Hitler. It has been ravaged by an inflation that has impoverished the workers and terrified the middle class. Fascists and Marxists have begun fighting in the streets. Millions of Argentines looked to the return of Perón for both change and national unity, but the battle near Ezeiza Airport shows that the Peronist movement is as deeply divided as Argentina itself."

Even as Perón's chartered Aerolineas Argentinas 707 neared the meadow, there were signs of trouble near the dais, where the returning general was scheduled to speak beneath a 100-ft.-high portrait of himself. Right-wing union leaders dominated the dais, and young leftists wanted a bigger role for themselves. "A Socialist motherland!" they shouted. "A Peronist motherland!" the rightists shouted back.

Just below the dais, TIME Photographer Francisco Vera saw the fighting start.

"At about 2 p.m. the loudspeakers ordered that some people who had climbed into the surrounding trees must come down. I wondered why, and then

I saw that there were sharpshooters in the trees. Just as the orchestra began to play the Peronist march, the first shots were fired. Then they began coming from every which way. We on the journalists' platform threw ourselves to the ground. At first the orchestra conductor did not stop the music but got onto a chair and conducted all the more vigorously. Then the sound system went off. I remember seeing a bass-fiddle player lying on the floor, still putting bow to strings. There was a priest standing up, holding a Cross in one hand and an Argentine flag in the other. Then I saw a young man handed up over the heads of the mob, being dragged up by his hair onto the platform. I think he was beaten to death up there."

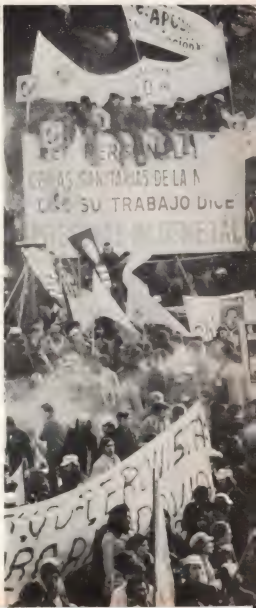
Detoured Flight. Hearing radio reports of the carnage, Perón instructed his pilot to fly to the heavily guarded Morón Air Force Base ten miles away. Only that night did he appear on nationwide television to "beg of you a thousand pardons for not having the opportunity [to talk] to you personally."

Despite the ugly violence that marred his homecoming, despite the rumors that he himself was in failing health, Perón now appears to be at a peak of political power. Just last November, when he first returned briefly to Argentina from his refuge in Spain he was snubbed by then President General Alejandro Lanusse, who used armed troops to keep crowds from greeting him at Ezeiza Airport. Disqualified from running for the presidency himself, Perón negotiated with politicians on both the left and the right, gathering the widest possible support for his puppet candidate, Héctor Cámpora, 64, whose only qualification for the presidency seemed to be his declaration that he was the "obsequious servant" of Juan Perón. In the month since Cámpora's inauguration, however, he has appeared totally unable to halt either the intra-party fighting or the continuing attacks on foreign businessmen.

Terrorists, most audaciously those of the Trotskyite People's Revolutionary Army or ERP, have been staging kidnappings at the rate of one every 72 hours since the first of the year. Last month two Ford Motor Co. of Argentina employees were wounded by ERP gunmen, and under threat of further violence, Ford agreed to give \$1,000,000 to hospitals and the poor. Within a fortnight of Perón's second homecoming, guerrillas kidnaped a West German clothing manufacturer, the American head of Firestone of Argentina, and a British banker. A \$10 million ransom for



PERÓN ARRIVING AT MORÓN AIR FORCE BASE



PERONISTS AWAITING THEIR HERO



YOUTH DRAWING HIS PISTOL DURING BATTLE AROUND REVIEWING STAND



PERONISTS BEATING DEMONSTRATOR
A bloody homecoming.

the three has been demanded. One Buenos Aires businessman groaned about the banker, for whom Peronist guerrillas are asking \$8,000,000. "We may lose him. Who has \$8,000,000?"

Though the kidnappings are the most spectacular crimes, violence now seems to pervade almost all levels of Argentine society. Shortly after Cámpora's inauguration, hundreds of government offices and institutions were taken over by young Peronist organizers and students on charges that administrators were politically "unreliable."

Two weeks ago, Public Works Under Secretary Jorge Horacio Zubiri, a Cámpora appointee, was actually forced to resign by maintenance work-

ers who invaded his office (he was later "reinstated" by the government). Peronist youths went to the American school in Buenos Aires' posh foreign community to announce a project to nationalize it.

Troubled Pampas. Not even the traditionally quiet pampas are safe. Thomas Rattagan, 53, a rancher not far from Buenos Aires, predicted that he has worked for 25 years will be expropriated. "A delegation of Peronistas came and demanded I give them a steer for their political festa," he said nervously. "Last time around, in the 1950s, I would have thrown them out. But this time there is no choice. I have to admit that I gave them the animal. You see, nobody controls Peronist youth."

The only man who can put Argentina back together is the man whose legacy has helped to tear it apart. But what Juan Perón can do is still uncertain because the role he will take in the Cámpora government has yet to be determined. Cámpora, summoned to Madrid by Perón on the eve of the homecoming, discussed various future positions for his mentor, ranging from "roving ambassador" to prime minister. Perón declined to make a final decision. During those touchy discussions in Madrid, Perón several times said that he was too "indisposed" to see Cámpora at all, then went out for highly visible promenades to show himself in fine health.

Legally, it is up to Cámpora to translate the Peronist policy—whatever it may be—into action. He has therefore presented to the Legislature an ambitious economic package that aims to increase workers' buying power (a \$20 monthly raise for everybody), control foreign holdings (no more than 12% of earnings may be repatriated), and roll back inflation (70% last year) by slashing the prices of 55 basic commodities.

No economic program will work very well in an atmosphere of street fighting, however. At week's end, venturing from his heavily guarded home

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in Buenos Aires' Olivos suburb, Perón returned to TV to deliver his most stinging rebuke to the militants. "We are not in a condition to continue destroying ourselves," he declared, promising stern measures against "those who think that they can capture our movement."

Should Perón fail to control his followers, the days ahead will be grim. But at least Perón has an escape hatch. Back in Madrid, he has left his villa intact, presumably including the telex that used to send instructions to the faithful from afar.

BRAZIL

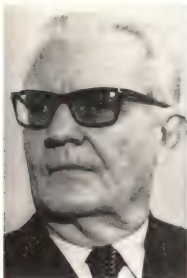
All in the Family

The Brazilian constitution stipulates that a President cannot succeed himself. General Emílio Médici, the current President, therefore announced last week that the ruling military junta had been searching for a man of "moral and intellectual depth... unquestionable knowledge... experience," a man who could provide the nation with "progress, well-being and happiness." This paragon, to no one's surprise, turned out to be another military man, ex-General Ernesto Geisel, 65, president of the state-owned petroleum monopoly, Petrobrás. Geisel must be approved by the electoral college before he is inaugurated for a five-year term on March 15, but this college is controlled by the generals' ARENA Party.

By all appearances, Geisel is a perfect choice to perpetuate the rule of the junta that has run Brazil since the 1964 coup that ousted President João Goulart. The son of a poor German immigrant schoolteacher, Geisel has devoted a lifetime to the army. At his desk every morning at 7:50, he is a model of efficiency, has no hobbies except reading (in four languages) and takes work home at night. He was a leader of the military coup that toppled Goulart on charges of "Communism and corruption." When he retired from the service to take over Petrobrás in 1969, he was a tough senior judge on the Supreme Military Tribunal that is charged with prosecuting "subversives."

Despite Geisel's military sternness, some Brazilians feel that he is the best of an unavoidable lot. They base their feelings mainly on his past performance. In 1966, for example, Geisel was a leader of a movement within the military to retain the Congress, when other generals demanded its dissolution; the following year he was instrumental in pushing through a constitutional amendment that formally retained the Congress (though it was stripped of power). "Geisel has a military appearance but a civilian mind," says an editor in São Paulo. "With Médici it was the other way around. Geisel is smarter and he seems to belong to no one. He has a chance."

But these, nevertheless, are thin



PRESIDENT-SELECT GEISEL
Promises to keep.

straws. While Geisel can be counted on to keep Brazil's economy booming, it remains to be seen whether he will ease the junta's restrictions on Congress, political parties and the press. Brazilians can remember Médici's 1969 inaugural promise to see "democracy definitely installed in our country." That promise was never kept.

SOUTH KOREA

Warm Wind from Seoul

Since 1971, the most significant contacts between North and South Korea have been through Red Cross teams. But last week, in a dramatic reversal of policy, South Korean President Chung Hee Park announced a large forward step. On nationwide TV and radio, he declared that "we shall not object to our admittance into the United Nations with North Korea"—an action he had previously sworn never to take. Park also said that he would open the doors to all nations, including socialist countries—possibly through trade contacts or even diplomatic recognition—if "those countries open their doors likewise to us."

Park's drive toward détente was remarkable but not altogether unexpected. With North Korea, like China, gaining recognition from more and more countries in recent months, Park had to face the fact that the North is no longer considered an untouchable. Not to be outdone, North Korean Premier Kim Il Sung at week's end announced the creation of a "national congress" to work toward a peaceful reunification of the two countries. Park, however, is not yet ready to take the final plunge. The softening of relations, he said, "does not signify our recognition of the North as a state."

NUCLEAR ARMS

Countdown at Mururoa Atoll

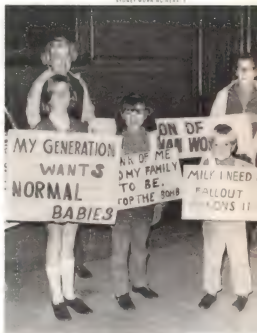
Somewhere in the South Pacific last week, united in a quixotic cause, were a former French army general, a New Zealand service station owner, a former Australian paper bag manufacturer, a young American couple and a New Zealand woman six months pregnant. They and a dozen or so companions were heading for the lonely atoll of Mururoa, about 750 miles southeast of Tahiti and 530 miles northwest of rocky Pitcairn Island. Their mission: to force the French government to abandon plans to explode a series of nuclear devices in the area.

Their prospects: slim. An admiral in Paris let it slip that the first nuclear test would probably take place "a few days before the end of June." Chances are that the French navy will track down and remove the pickets and their four boats before the blasts are triggered. (Another protest boat was intercepted on the eve of similar tests last year.)

The Pacific protesters are not alone, however. Indeed, although France has conducted nuclear tests in the region of Mururoa yearly since 1966, it has never encountered the current level of outrage. The New Zealand government ordered a frigate, with a cabinet minister aboard, to steam into the test area. The World Health Organization called for an immediate halt to the French plans. Australian trade unions refused to handle French imports, from Camembert cheese to cosmetics; they also let 1,000 bags of mail from France pile up in the post offices. Somewhat ghoulishly, the girls at a Melbourne high school sent an invitation in French to President Pompidou to attend their funerals "à une date incertaine—cela dépend de vous." Yet another protest to Pompidou came from some 100,000 Peruvian women denouncing the eastward drift of radioactive fallout. The mayor of Hiroshima charged France with "blatant disregard for human dignity." Even Prince Philip of Britain joined in the din, saying that he would gladly carry a banner down the

Champs-Élysées if he thought it would help stop the tests.

Many have already carried banners of protest in Paris, as well as in London, Tokyo, The Hague, Sydney, Wellington, Lima and Istanbul. Last week Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, the influential French politician and publisher, flew off to organize a demonstration in Tahiti. On his arrival, he lauded those willing to risk their lives in the explosion zone—particularly Jacques de Bollardière, 65, a wartime military hero who had resigned as a general in 1961 over the mistreatment of Algerian captives. The former general, said Servan-Schreiber, "is saving the honor of the French army." The American couple in the zone were David and Emma Moodie, who had recently been running a ferry service in New Zealand.



AUSTRALIANS PROTESTING NUCLEAR TESTS



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land. Before sailing toward Mururoa, David Moodie, 27, said: "The danger to ourselves is of little importance. Man's tenacity of this world is severely threatened due to a philosophy of violence."

The French government insists that the South Pacific blasts are necessary to test a triggering device for its first operational thermonuclear weapons, but it insists that they pose virtually no danger to human life. (If that is so, replied Australian Prime Minister Gough Whitlam, why not hold the tests in Corsica?) In fact, the danger from fallout is debatable. A more compelling argument against the tests may be that they serve no worthwhile purpose. In the view of many armaments experts, France is simply wasting money by trying to develop its own nuclear capability. Having already spent an estimated \$15 billion on the project, France remains ten to 20 years behind the superpowers.

"We resemble an automobile racer who sets off from Le Mans and gets farther and farther behind the other cars in every lap of the race," says retired Air Force General Paul Stehlin, now an anti-Gaullist Deputy in the Nation-

al Assembly. "Under the most favorable hypothesis, by 1975 we will dispose of a nuclear capacity of around 30 megatons. The U.S. already boasts 30,000 and the U.S.S.R. perhaps 25,000."

The French believers in a nuclear force claim that parity is not the objective of the Mururoa tests, that the aim is simply to develop sufficient weapons to provide a *taux d'ennui* (nuisance tax). If France could knock out just a couple of major cities in any attacking nation, this reasoning goes, that would be enough to deter a bigger power from trying to knock out all of France.

At week's end, the International Court of Justice at The Hague moved in with its own official verdict. It handed down a temporary injunction against the tests—pending final decision on suits brought by Australia and New Zealand charging that the French program violated their rights. But the French government appeared unmoved by the court's action. It had previously ignored the suits, claiming that the court had no jurisdiction over "matters of internal security." The countdown on the tests continued.

FRANCE

The General Told Me

One day in 1970, in the last year of his life, Charles de Gaulle was walking on the grounds of his estate at Colombey les Deux Eglises with his aide-de-camp, Colonel Jean d'Esclienne. During their chat, D'Esclienne asked the general to repeat the name of a politician he had mentioned. "So you plan to write a book about me some day," said De Gaulle. Last week D'Esclienne's book, *Le Général m'a dit...* (The General Told Me), was published in Paris. It contains no major political revelations, but abounds in illustrations of an extraordinary personality. A sampling:

► In 1967 De Gaulle needed a gift to take on his visit to Pope Paul VI. Culture Minister André Malraux suggested three abstract paintings. One was titled *The Holy Face*. On looking it over, De Gaulle inquired: "Where is the Holy Face?" An embarrassed adviser replied "*Eh bien, mon général, if you stand here, in a certain light...*" De Gaulle interrupted: "No, you won't make me offer that to the Pope!" The Pope got a tapestry instead.

A Tale of Too Many Turtles

Many businessmen would probably be happy to receive more goods than they ordered, so long as they did not have to pay money for them. Not René Debruyne, a grain and pet dealer in Lille. When his shipment arrived at the port of Dunkirk, he refused to accept custody. He had ordered 20,000 turtles, and his Moroccan supplier had generously thrown in an extra 5,000—but the shipment had arrived three months late. "The summer holidays are approach-

ing," Debruyne explained, "and I couldn't dispose of that many turtles."

Yet there they were, in 365 wicker baskets, and the port veterinarian decreed that if they were to stay in France, they would have to be treated like good French turtles. "They need crawling room, good food and daily sprinkling," he said. The baskets were therefore opened, and the turtles, gray-green creatures ranging from three to eleven inches in length, were given the run—or

crawl—of two vast warehouses. The veterinarian looked in on them twice a day, the longshoremen cooled them with sprinklers, and the Dunkirk Chamber of Commerce sent them several thousand heads of lettuce. "If they were looking for lettuce," boasted Michel Duquesne, one of the suppliers, "they came to the right place. The area around Dunkirk is full of lettuce."

The turtles, who actually come from the dry foothills of the Atlas Mountains, found the lettuce strange and exotic to their taste. A number of them became sick from overeating. Some of the healthier turtles managed to escape out into the streets of Dunkirk. Special barriers had to be built. Debruyne, meanwhile, received the bills for the regular care and feeding of the turtles—all 25,000 of them. He also had to pay for the veterinarian. "What a silly idea, taking the turtles out of my baskets and stuffing them with lettuce," he fumed. "They could have easily fasted for two months and lived happily for several weeks in their baskets."

Two weeks after their arrival, the customs authorities finally auctioned off the turtles to a sea-food wholesaler near Paris for the bargain price of \$2,200. Though pet lovers were worried at the news of this ominous sale, a company spokesman last week issued a calming statement: "These aren't the kind of sea turtles that go into soup. We are selling them to children, and we have already sold 8,000. By next week we will have sold 10,000. I can reassure everyone that this turtle story has a happy ending."

LONGSHOREMEN FEEDING HOMELESS TURTLES IN DUNKIRK WAREHOUSE



► De Gaulle said Malraux never won the Nobel Prize for Literature because "he is catalogued as a Gaullist, and a Gaullist can't have the prize because it is given practically with the approval of the Americans." The diplomat-poet Saint-John Perse, "who has always been against me," won his Nobel "precisely because of that. The judges didn't even read him, and in any case wouldn't have understood anything in his poetry."

► After being criticized for saying Jews were "an elite people, dominating and sure of itself," De Gaulle said the words were intended as a compliment. Sardonically, he added: "If only one could call the French an elite people, dominating and sure of itself."

► When reminded of Winston Churchill's comment on France: "How can you govern a country with 300 cheeses?" De Gaulle retorted: "There are at least 350."

► At the end of an Elysée luncheon for a Middle Eastern chief of state, De Gaulle reflected: "Our problems were those of our ancestors, and our children will still have to solve them after we are gone. In truth, since I have been born I don't believe I have ever seen one problem solved."

► Driving through the Bois de Boulogne one day, De Gaulle passed a graceful brunette. She recognized him and waved a scarf. De Gaulle waved back and then half-whispered to his aide-de-camp a few lines of Musset:

*"Have you seen in Barcelona
An Andalusian woman with tanned
breast
Pale as a beautiful autumn
night..."*

COLONEL D'ESCRIVENNE WITH DE GAULLE



NORTHERN IRELAND

Oh, Jesus, Will It Work?

There was a time when a June election in Ulster would have been a kind of summer festival, exuberant with fife and drums and oratorical flourish. The long months of gunfire and explosions have made that impossible. The streets of Belfast are devoid of parades and rallies; they are patrolled by British armored troop carriers, the soldiers alert for snipers. Voters generally remain in the relative safety of their homes, watching the campaign on television.

It is with barely excessive hyperbole, though, that ex-Prime Minister Brian Faulkner has called this week's election "the most crucial in Northern Ireland's history." When voters go to the polls to elect a new legislative body for Ulster, it will clearly be their best, if not their last chance to curb 50 years of trial and terror and finally set the province on the road to rule by reason.

Carefully prescribed by a British weary of bloodshed, the election gives Ulster the opportunity to replace the Protestant-dominated Stormont Parliament, suspended 15 months ago, and to establish for the first time a legislature in which both Protestants and Catholics can share power. The new 78-seat provincial assembly will rule through committees designed to reflect various party views. Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, William Whitelaw, will keep control, for the time being, of all police and security matters.

Hard-Liners. Altogether, 210 candidates are representing a total of 17 party labels. Four groups, however, merit special watching. On the Protestant side, there are the long-dominant Unionists, led by Faulkner, and the more militant Loyalists, whose leaders include such hard-liners as William ("King Billy") Craig and the Rev. Ian Paisley. On the Catholic side, there is the Social, Democratic and Labor Party. (The outlawed Provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army is not, of course, taking part in the elections; it has urged all Catholics to boycott them.) Somewhat in the middle, trying to establish a nonsectarian force for compromise, is the Alliance Party.

No single party expects to win a clear majority. Under the newly instituted proportional-representation system (which requires voters to list their preferences for all candidates), even minor groups have a chance of picking up seats. But Faulkner's Unionists should win the most, and the Catholic SDLP should capture a fair share. Though relations between these two traditional parties were bad at Stormont, there is some hope that they could work together better in the assembly. Says SDLP Leader Gerry Fitt: "We are willing to take part in any administration which will bring the violence to an end."

Not so the militant Loyalists. Convinced that the new assembly represents

COURTESY, GERRARD PRESS



a British sellout of Protestant Ulstermen, the Loyalists are determined to make it fail. Speaking from the back of a Union Jack-draped truck in Portadown last week, King Billy Craig declared: "For four years now, we have had defeat after defeat, humiliation after humiliation. The only thing that is really left to lose is Ulster itself." Faulkner, in turn, has attacked the Loyalist leaders for consorting with the extremist paramilitary Ulster Defense Association. Craig and Paisley, he says, have "bloodstains on their joint program."

Despite all the violence—another 14 people killed in the past fortnight—the mood of Ulster seems not to be one of despair. Says Mrs. Maureen McClure, an official Unionist candidate in North Down: "Most people today are exhausted by the carnage and destruction." Adds Paddy Devlin of the SDLP: "A man could say logically 'Oh, Jesus, it's not going to work.' But to my mind, the face of politics will never be the same after this election. Everybody is tired and wants peace. I think we're heading for better times. I feel it in my bones." These are signs, however tentative and fragile, of a yearning to end the bloody sectarian strife.

RHODESIA

State of Siege

At night the floodlights shine from rural houses while watchmen peer through barred windows for a glimpse of intruders. During the day, gun-bearing farmers vary the routine of their chores so that no sniper can plan an ambush. Though only twelve civilians have been killed so far, the six-month-old black insurgency in north-eastern Rhodesia has already raised serious doubts about the future of Ian Smith's white supremacist government.

The Rhodesian army has set up

THE WORLD

scores of its barbed-wire-encrusted bunkers to protect vulnerable airstrips and command posts, and light planes scour the rough terrain to search for suspicious activity. To make their search easier, the government is evicting 15,000 resident blacks and creating a ten-mile-wide *cordon sanitaire* along Rhodesia's 800-mile frontier with the Portuguese colony of Mozambique, the springboard for most of the guerrilla activity.

There apparently are only about 150 guerrillas operating in the northeast, but they are well trained, well armed and well motivated, and they find willing part-time recruits in the local villages. A year ago most Africans would have informed on the guerrillas. As a result of Smith's repression—which includes beatings and fines for collaboration with the guerrillas—many Africans now cooperate with the insurgents or actively help them.

The troubles have created a siege mentality even in Salisbury, the country's booming modern capital. After surviving the United Nations economic sanctions, imposed because of the country's break from Great Britain, the city is awakening to an unexpected threat from the black majority. "If the government hasn't the bloody sense to seek a realistic agreement with the Africans, terrorism will get worse and so will race relations generally," predicts Sir Roy Welensky, last Prime Minister (1956-63) of the old British-dominated federation of Rhodesia, Zambia and Malawi. "Change is coming, and the government cannot stop it. It is up to Smith whether it comes peacefully—or whether we get our throats cut."

Guerrilla Fighters. The alternative to the guerrillas seems to lie in the African National Council, a moderate group headed by a bespectacled Methodist churchman, Bishop Abel Muzorewa. "We are not pressing for majority rule right away," says Muzorewa. "Majority rule after a reasonable time is perfectly acceptable." Muzorewa's "reasonable time" does not stretch, however, to 2033, the date cited by whites as the earliest possibility for black majority rule. "Everything depends on the good will of the present regime," Muzorewa adds, "but, sadly, good will is not now apparent." Indeed, the regime has not only broken off talks with Muzorewa, but moved even closer to a South African type of racial *apartheid*. South Africa has already sent 700 of its own police to help Smith fight the guerrillas, and Smith reportedly has asked for even more. As a reflection of Smith's tough policy, three blacks who had brought weapons into Rhodesia were hanged in Salisbury last week.

With a white population of only 267,000 and a black majority of 5,500,000, Rhodesia will find it harder than South Africa to cow its militant blacks. And many whites, like Welensky, are beginning to realize the dangers of repression. Since the fighting began, white opponents of the regime have formed

their own party, the Rhodesia Party, to counter Smith's Rhodesian Front. In its first electoral test last May, the new party made a surprisingly good showing with a third of the votes in a rural district by-election. Last week Rhodesia's five Catholic bishops, all of them white, openly joined the opposition. They said that they would not obey laws requiring priests to receive government permission before going to churches on territory restricted to Africans. "No Christian can pay homage to an un-Christian law," said Father Richard Randolph, the bishops' spokesman.

A majority of whites still support Smith—the Rhodesian Parliament last week renewed his state-of-emergency powers for another year—but the guerrillas and their sympathizers may yet persuade them to settle—or find a new Prime Minister.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Parading Power

Nguyen Van Thieu has long believed in dealing with the Communists primarily with guns. Last week, only a few days after Henry Kissinger and North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho signed in Paris what might be called Cease-Fire II, Thieu gave a showy display of that belief. In the annual South Vietnamese celebration of power known as Armed Forces Day, jet fighters whistled overhead while tanks, self-propelled artillery and armed amphibious vehicles thundered past the reviewing stands on Saigon's Tran Hung Dao Boulevard. Twenty thousand men—the equivalent of two divisions—marched in the parade. Security was tight: the general public was kept well

back from the scene. Thieu and his carefully screened guests watched from the reviewing stands. Cost of the display: about \$320,000, including \$40,000 for fireworks set off after nightfall.


In a tough speech tailored for the occasion, Thieu charged that despite the new agreement, the Communists "have continued to violate the cease-fire even more seriously. The violations show that the Communists do not advocate peaceful means. They have never thought of halting their aggression."

Saigon statisticians claimed that at least 821 enemy troops had been killed in action in the few days since Cease-Fire II had been signed, while ARVN losses totaled 218. By the Saigon command's own admission, however, most contacts in recent days have amounted only to mortar and rocket exchanges. What fighting has occurred has been limited to the Chuong Thien province in the Mekong Delta and Kontum in the Central Highlands. In the northerly I Corps area, virtually no combat has been reported. Said a Western diplomat: "The combat statistics show that incidents are only a fifth of what they were after the January cease-fire. There is a far lower threshold of violence."

Explanations for the comparative tranquility vary. One Western diplomat argues that the Communists feel that they won little in their land-grab attempts after the January truce. Another believes that the Communists are now concentrating on building up their infrastructure in areas they already hold. He adds that Saigon "has achieved an equilibrium it can live with. The main arteries are open, the bulk of the population is within the government fold." But it is still too early to tell whether Cease-Fire II will really take permanent hold.

PRESIDENT THIEU REVIEWING TROOPS IN SAIGON DURING ARMED FORCES DAY





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CHINA

The Intrepid Moles of Quemoy

Nearly two decades ago, the U.S. almost went to war over the Chinese offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu. "If you are scared to go to the brink, you are lost," Secretary of State John Foster Dulles said of the crisis, thus arousing anxious critics to denounce him for what they called "brinkmanship." Today, these half-forgotten pinpoints of land rank with the Rock of Gibraltar and the Maginot Line as among the world's most notable military anachronisms. Yet they are still guarded by an intrepid army of some 100,000 Chinese Nationalists, who are sporadically shelled every other day from the Communist mainland. TIME Correspondent Roy Rowan visited Quemoy and filed the following report:

The offshore wind, whipping against a coastal pillbox, brings the distant voice of a woman. Her words are lost. Only the rise and fall of her singsong voice, propelled by a powerful loudspeaker, is faintly audible. But the soldiers manning the pillbox know her message by heart. In the name of Chairman Mao, she is beckoning them to the mainland, just 1½ miles away.

The soldiers are not to be seduced. They are doggedly anti-Communist—RECONQUER THE MAINLAND! a sign at the airport proclaims. They maintain defenses that probably will never be used, and when the woman broadcasts from the mainland, they shout back. Neither side listens.

Quemoy was once a barren outpost, but Chiang Kai-shek is said to have decreed in 1951: "Make it green." So the Nationalists have planted 70 million seedling trees, mostly Australian pine. They have since added bananas, mangoes, pears and apples. There are fields of corn and sorghum that help to make the island's 62,000 civilian inhabitants self-sufficient. The island even has a frail industrial base, a pottery plant and a liquor distillery. "For the soldiers, we have a lot of peanut candy shops and billiard parlors," a guide remarks.

Hidden Guns. Driving along the modern paved highways that crisscross Quemoy, one can imagine the island as a bucolic, semitropical retreat, but under the lush greenery are machine-gun and artillery emplacements, truck depots, trenches, and the gaping mouths of tunnels that honeycomb the hills. Blasted out of solid rock, these tunnels are 25 by 35 ft., large enough so that tanks and trucks can drive for miles inside them. One tunnel where the mole-like troops are quartered contains half a mile of double-decked bunks. There is even a 1,000-seat theater hollowed out of the granite. Everywhere the eerie glow from fluorescent lights turns the damp rock walls a sickly purple.

At one 155-mm. howitzer position,

imbedded in granite with only its muzzle protruding, the battery commander has choreographed a little ballet to impress visitors from the outside world. His twelve-man squad performs with perfect precision—running, jumping, stamping and shouting—all the while simulating the loading of the big gun. Most of the troops have little opportunity to fire live ammunition, however. Instead, the Nationalists concentrate on "psy-war." They have a high-powered radio station that reaches deep into the mainland. High-altitude balloons intermittently shower propaganda leaflets on the "enemy," with slogans like "Chiang Kai-shek is concerned about you." The hope is that the leaflets and the broadcasts will inspire mass defections. In fact, the last defector from the mainland to reach Quemoy was a fisherman who swam ashore in November.

Quemoy still has its few moments of actual warfare, though nothing like the 175,000 rounds of shells that came pounding in during one two-day period in 1960. According to a Nationalist officer, artillery duels are confined to odd-numbered nights, and they usually involve only about 40 or 50 symbolic rounds, which explode in sparsely populated areas and cause little damage. On one such night in Quemoy City, however, the showing of a propaganda film on the island's impregnable defenses was interrupted by three artillery shells that went off right outside the building. Quemoy's gunners replied in kind. Casualties on both sides appear to be negligible, however.

Every able-bodied citizen on Que-

moy is issued his own rifle and must visit a firing range for target practice at least once a month. Women also must serve in the militia. There are a number of dummy soldiers, too, who bravely man fake machine guns to decoy Communist spotters. Privately, though, even some government officials concede that the mountain of military hardware may not be necessary, and that unification with the mainland may be inevitable. Back on Taiwan, where younger bureaucrats and even some young legislators are quietly discussing the changes that will come when Mao and Chiang are gone, one official observes: "We need low-income housing more than we need Quemoy and Matsu." Some day, another Nationalist predicts, Quemoy will be a park.



CHANG'S SOLDIERS AT DEFENSE POSTS (1954)



NATIONALIST CHINESE TROOPS STUDY TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF QUEMOY
They send up balloons, but nothing happens.

H.G. Wells was a genius at foretelling the future and recounting the past—but life with him in the present could be hell. In *The Time Traveller*, a biography of Wells just published in England, he comes off as so sex-driven that no one woman could have held on to him. Not quite, disagreed one of the reviewers. **Dame Rebecca West** should know. She was Wells' mistress from 1912 to 1922 and is the mother of one



REBECCA WEST & H.G. WELLS—"IT WAS HE WHO WAS DISCARDED"

paint her face to resemble "a beautiful stone." The 6-ft., 1-in. blonde soon went on to paint her whole body—mimicking the textures and patterns of nature. Usually Veruschka wears her highly decorative camouflage only at home on her farm near Munich. More conventionally attired, she has branched out into television and personal appearances, including one in Tokyo to peddle Swiss watches and the Japanese jewels that



VERUSCHKA PUTS IT ON IN TOKYO

of his sons, Novelist Anthony West. "As a general rule, it was he who was discarded," she wrote in the London *Sunday Telegraph*. A balking new fountain pen could quickly plunge him into a temper tantrum. "Scenes like this, and not exceptional and shocking depravity, accounted for the number of women in Wells' life."

Easy come, easy go. "It's true—we are finished but it is not my wish. It was for Liza to say so," said **Peter Sellers**, 47, admitting that his sudden romance with **Liza Minnelli**, 27, had fizzled. He was staying behind in London while she prepared to solo in the U.S. "How can you regret anything that was so happy?" Liza gushed, already nostalgic over her month-long affair.

For more than 15 years, Chinese women, in their no-nonsense bobs and shapeless pantsuits, have been too busy to worry about how they looked. No woman leader has been seen wearing a dress in public since the cultural revolution. Heads snapped, therefore, when **Chiang Ching**, who is also Mrs. Mao Tse-tung and No. 3 in the Politburo, appeared at the floodlit Sino-U.S. basketball game in Peking wearing a well-tailored gray midi with white sandals and a white shoulder-strap bag. The Americans won 89 to 59. But Mrs. Mao, dazzling in her non-uniform and seated next to American Envoy **David Bruce**, had scored the most points.

"I looked in the mirror and I asked myself, 'What can I do with this face?'" said **Veruschka**, 30, one of the most widely photographed models in the world. What she decided to do was to



LIZA MINNELLI DUMPS PETER SELLERS AFTER QUITE A MONTH

go in them. "Suddenly they wrapped me up in purple and started pointing all those Japanese cameras at me. They forget about the watches."

With the second match in a week, the show biz season was off to a waloping start. **Marlon Brando's** hand was no sooner on the mend after an encounter with a persistent Manhattan photographer than some of the staff of Designer **Pierre Cardin's** Paris theater took on a passel of *paparazzi*. They wanted to catch **Marlene Dietrich**, a camera-shy 68, during her curtain calls. When Dietrich said no, French fists flew. Critics remembered Dietrich's last appearance 11 years before—with some of the same songs.

New York Artist **Robert Rauschenberg**, 47, has long ago got away from paints, brushes and junk sculpture in favor of such chefs-d'oeuvre as a tank



DIETRICH STARTS A FIGHT IN PARIS

filled with 7½ tons of bubbling mud (his *Mud Muse*). Chosen to improvise the daily "work of art" for the 1,000 artists, intellectuals and media folk assembled at the International Design Conference in Aspen, Colo., Rauschenberg struck out in still new directions. His most cheerful effort involved 50 volunteers who gathered together onstage to alternately swirl beer and blow across the mouths of their beer bottles. The demented symphony produced guffaws from the audience. Rauschenberg said: "The idea is to get people together doing something."

ANTHONY D'ERAMO



NATALIA & RUDI TAKE A NEW STEP



LULU WELCOMES PATTY CAKE

He was the only surviving leader of 1916's Easter Rising against British rule, and he had led Ireland for nearly half a century, first as Prime Minister, then as President. But when the time came to leave his official residence, *Eamon de Valera*, 90 and nearly blind, vanished totally without ceremony. "He just drove away with his wife," said an

aide. "They wanted it kept absolutely silent until they were settled in." De Valera's retirement plans were perfectly in keeping with his quiet departure from the scenes of power: he and Wife Sinéad, 92, will live in a Dublin old people's home operated by the Sisters of Charity.

Once *Margot Fonteyn's* age began to tell, the big question was: Would *Rudolf Nureyev* find another perfect partner? During five years of pirouetting from one top ballerina to another, Rudi has never seemed to discover anyone

who could fill Margot's slippers. *Natalia Makarova*, 32, also a former member of the Kirov Ballet, may be the appointed one. Rudi and Natalia had danced some *pas de deux* together, but never a full-length ballet. After dancing *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Romeo and Juliet* with Natalia in London, Rudi sounded serious, although he hinted darkly that "a million compromises have to be made," but said no more. "It is not an easy partnership," elaborated Natalia. "I like a partner when he and she are as one." Even so, the combination may be too promising—and profitable—to abandon.

"It will be convenient for both parties," said *Jorge Luis Borges*, 73, explaining his political decision to step down as director of the National Library in Buenos Aires, a post the blind short-story writer and scholar cherished as "the maximum ideal of my life." In 1946, when former Dictator *Juan Perón* came to power, Borges was fired from a lesser library job and made a municipal inspector of open-air markets, where one of his duties was to check on the poultry. This time round, the poet is heading off such an appointment in favor of teaching Old English and Old Norse to friends.

In the primate world, it was the custody battle of the decade: a tug of war between two New York zoos for *Patty Cake*, the Shirley Temple of gorillas. When Patty Cake's arm was broken last March in Central Park, she was taken to the hospital at the Bronx Zoo. There she thrived, fell in with two other baby gorillas and was strongly urged to stay on in the more spacious uptown quarters. A \$100-a-day mediator was called in—Dr. Ronald D. Nadler of the Yerkes Regional Primate Center in Atlanta.

In a 2,000-word report, Nadler declared that Patty Cake—for the sake of her emotional stability—and the perpetuation of her endangered species—should go home. Lulu, Patty Cake's mother, clearly agreed. When she saw her long lost baby, she shrieked and shrieked, then picked her up and gave her a big kiss.

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The Architect of Reason

Palladio: the very name is suggestive, evoking pedimented villas on the bank of the foggy Brenta, the symmetrical façade of Venice's Church of the Redentore, and white porticos glimpsed through Deep South veils of Spanish moss. Palladio died almost 400 years ago, but he was the most imitated architect in history; even today his name remains synonymous with flawless precision and proportion. He was, and still is, the Mozart of his profession. Though 1973 marks no special anniversary in his life, one of Italy's most interesting tourist attractions this summer is a huge show of Andrea Palladio's drawings, models and projects, held in Vicenza, the city near Venice where he lived. Close by, he erected his villas: the Villa Rotonda with its four porches, the stately Barbaro at Maser, and a dozen more that are still standing.

Palladio built nothing outside northern Italy, and several of his greatest houses stand in tracts of the Venetian countryside that are out of the way today and must have been almost inaccessible to travelers in the 17th and 18th centuries. Yet his principles were stud-

ied as avidly in Stockholm and Leningrad as they were by Thomas Jefferson in Virginia, or by the elite of English Palladian architects like Inigo Jones, William Kent and Lord Burlington. By 1850, two continents were dotted with Palladian structures. Even Jefferson's design for the President's Mansion was a copy of the Villa Rotonda near Vicenza (1550); it was not built, but today's White House still remains recognizably Palladian in spirit.

This exemplar of high style began, unpromisingly enough, as an illiterate mason's apprentice from Padua, where he was born in 1508; he was named Andrea di Pietro della Gondola. At 34, he was still listed on the guild rolls as a "stonecutter." But by then the decisive moment in his career had come: in the late 1530s, while he was working on the construction of Villa Cricoli near Vicenza, its owner took him under his wing. Giangioorgio Trissino, a wealthy humanist with a special interest in architecture, renamed his protégé Palladio, after an Angel of Architecture who appeared in one of Trissino's own cumbersome poems. He took the young man on several journeys to Rome. There, awed by the half-buried ruins, Palladio began the long work of measurement, analysis and drawing that would turn him into the leading architectural theorist of his age. The result was Palladio's *Four Books of Architecture*, which were published in 1570 and spread his influence throughout the West. By then he was already established as an original figure:

his buildings, less strained and emotional than Michelangelo's or Vignola's, more atmospheric than Bramante's, met the mood of a culture that tended increasingly to think of antiquity as a golden age.

It was from Rome that Palladio got his most typical device: the temple-like portico in front of his buildings supporting a triangular pediment. He had seen it on temples like the Pantheon; in an odd but characteristic misapprehension, Palladio guessed that this stately entrance had come from the lost dwellings of antiquity. "I thought it most convenient," he explained, "to begin with the houses of private persons, as thinking it reasonable to believe that these in time gave rise to public edifices." So if the temple was a magnified house, a house could look like a temple. No solution could have been more pleasing to Palladio's Italian clients, who enjoyed their pomp: none could have responded better to Palladio's formal bent. The network of ratios between height and width, void and solid, expressed in the façades of Villa Cornaro and Villa Malcontenta, subtly prepares the visitor for the less consciously felt proportions of the rooms within. For there was nothing improvised in Palladio. His plans—always axial, with lesser rooms grouped symmetrically around a high hall—obey stringent rules of harmony, not only in the three dimensions of each room, but in the relation of chambers one to another.

Light in Parenthesis. Formal and rational as a Mondrian, Palladio's planning is mathematics made concrete, a triumph of that *certeza* that was the goal of high Renaissance planning. When arguing that the ideal church plan should be circular—"the most proper figure to show the unity, infinite essence, uniformity and justice of God"—Palladio echoed a longstanding Renaissance fascination with absolute geometric shapes as metaphor. His purism was extreme. It is strange, for instance, to find an architect in 16th century Venice, a contemporary of Veronese (who frescoed the Barbaro villa), objecting to murals in churches—"Among all colors none is more suitable to temples than white; by reason that the purity of this color ... is highly grateful to God." Of course, the preference was not God's but Palladio's. Why did he prefer white? Because the protagonist in his Venetian churches, San Giorgio Maggiore and the Redentore, no less than in his villas, is light—the rich, fugitive, unstable light of the lagoon and the inland plain. Reflected from the creamy Istrian stone, absorbed by brickwork and stucco, or washing solemnly across the pure vaults and domes, light gave substance a dreamlike sensuousness. No architect ever understood the ingredients of his craft better. Palladio's buildings, strict as they are, remain both exquisite and ideal, as though held in a parenthesis somewhere outside mundane history.

■ Robert Hughes

THE REDENTORE, VENICE



ANDREA PALLADIO



VILLA ROTONDA, VICENZA

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FROM

Walter Hagen

Success for Skylab

After spending a record 28 days 50 minutes in space, Skylab Astronauts Pete Conrad, Joe Kerwin and Paul Weitz came home last week. They made a perfect splashdown in the Pacific some 830 miles southwest of San Diego. As the Apollo command ship bobbed gently in the rolling seas 6½ miles off the bow of the recovery ship *Ticonderoga*, Conrad radioed a message: "Everybody here is in super shape." Indeed, it was a flawless finish to a successful mission that only four weeks earlier had seemed doomed to failure.

Just 38½ minutes later, the capsule, with the astronauts still inside, was hoisted aboard the big carrier. The unusual procedure was ordered by NASA doctors. They had feared that the astronauts—like Russia's Soyuz 9 cosmonauts, who had to be carried from their ship after an 18-day mission—might be too wobbly from long exposure to weightlessness to make it on their own. Beyond that, the doctors wanted to examine the men as quickly as possible to study their initial reaction to gravity.

Effects of Zero-G. The medical concern was not unwarranted. All three astronauts were unsteady as they emerged from the spacecraft, and Astronaut-Physician Kerwin needed a slight assist as the three Navy men walked to a waiting mobile medical lab. Then, as the carrier steamed to San Diego, doctors began an intense, six-hour examination aimed at answering many questions relating to the prolonged flight. For example, had there been irreversible damage to the astronauts' cardiovascular systems or excessive loss of calcium from their bones?

Though the final answers to such questions might require weeks of careful study, NASA officials were already convinced that Skylab had gone a long way toward proving that man could live and work successfully in space. During their 395 trips around the earth, the astronauts slept better, ate more, and seemed more comfortable than any space voyagers before them. Equally impressive, the astronauts—despite the power shortage during the early part of their mission—completed at least 80% of most of their scheduled experiments. They also took some 16,000 photographs of the earth and 30,000 of the sun.

The versatility of the astronauts was again evident during their last week in space. To retrieve the 230 lbs. of film exposed by the solar telescopes, they took a final space walk, a 1-hr, 36-min. sortie during which Conrad again lived up to his reputation as Mr. Fixit. To revive one of the telescope mount's dead batteries, he whacked its regulator with a 16-oz. hammer, sending chips of paint flying. The simple strategy worked, ap-

parently freeing a stuck relay switch, and the battery came back to life. Moving to the telescope mount's coronagraph—which blocks out the light from the sun's disk, thereby creating an artificial eclipse that allows scientists to study the solar corona, or outer halo of gases—Conrad showed a more delicate touch: he wiped away a piece of thread that had mysteriously settled on the instrument's lens. His most difficult chore came when he tried to tie a swatch of material similar to that on the aluminized nylon-and-Mylar parasol to a strut on the telescope mount (the next team of astronauts will examine it to get some idea of how long the plastic can survive in the sun's searing ultraviolet rays). "Gosh-darn stuff is hard to handle out here," grouched Conrad, avoiding some of the more earthy language he used earlier in the flight. Finally, as his pulse climbed to 150 beats a minute, he exclaimed: "I got it! I got it!"

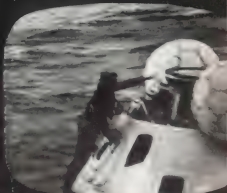
Before leaving their home in the sky, the astronauts did some space age housework. They sprayed disinfectant around Skylab's living quarters, turned off unnecessary lights and fans, halted the flow of fresh air into the orbital workshop, depressurized the airlock, closed off the hatch behind them, and then boarded their Apollo command ship for the trip home. That left Skylab shipshape for the next crew of astronauts, who are scheduled to enter it late July to begin a 56-day stay in space.

Tragedy Under the Sea

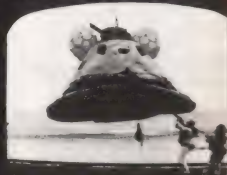
It was scheduled to be a routine mission, a dive of about an hour's duration in only a few hundred feet of water off Key West, Fla. The 23-ft-long submersible, designed by famed Inventor-Oceanographer Edwin A. Link—whose son, E. Clayton Link, 31, was one of the four men on board—seemed more than equal to the task. Since it began operating as an oceanographic research vessel for the Smithsonian Institution two years ago, *Sea-Link** had easily plunged to depths of 1,000 ft. Last week, as the minibus maneuvered in swift currents of the Gulf Stream, routine turned abruptly into tragedy.

Sea-Link was checking and collecting fish traps near the wreckage of an old Navy destroyer, the *Fred T. Berry*. The ship had been scuttled last year to create a man-made reef that would encourage marine growth, and *Sea-Link* was trying to determine how successful the project had been. Suddenly, *Sea-Link*'s crew heard the harsh, rasping sound of metal rubbing against metal. Apparently pushed off course by an unexpectedly strong current, the sub had become ensnared in cables and other

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SCIENCE

debris around the sunken warship. "I'm hung up," radioed *Sea-Link's* pilot Archibald ("Jock") Menzies, 30, who tried futilely to work the sub free with its six little electric propulsion motors.

Big Junkyard. As a flotilla of rescue ships hurried to the scene, 15 miles southeast of Key West, *Sea-Link's* crewmen were told to exert themselves as little as possible in order to conserve oxygen. The crew could do little else. At the pressure that exists at a depth of 360 ft. (162 lbs. per sq. in.), a free swim to the surface was considered far too risky. Trapped along with Menzies in *Sea-Link's* forward observation compartment—a helicopter-like bubble made of plastic—was Marine Biologist Robert Meek, 27. The younger Link and Veteran Diver Albert Stover, 51, were sealed off separately in the aluminum aft compartment.

The first effort to reach *Sea-Link* was made by Navy "hard hat" divers lowered on a platform from the submarine rescue vessel *Tringa*. The divers got close enough to see that the sub was entangled in "one big junkyard down there." In a second try, encouraged by radioed shouts from *Sea-Link* ("Move south, move south!"), one got within ten feet of the sub. "Keep coming, keep coming!" *Sea-Link* implored, but he could not penetrate the debris.

On board the submersible's mother ship, *Sea Diver*, the senior Link, 68 (long known for his World War II pilot training machines), realized that time was rapidly running out. The 9½-ton sub had only limited life-support chemicals. That was not the only problem. While the forward compartment's acrylic bubble acted as an insulator against the chilly (40° F.) sea, the rear compartment—where Link and Stover sat in light sports shirts and shorts—was quickly cooling off. The chill reduced the effectiveness of the chemical "scrubber," a sodium carbonate compound called Baralyme, which is used to remove exhaled carbon dioxide. To keep the chemical effective, the crew increased the air pressure inside the compartment.

By the time the third attempt was made to reach the sub—using a diving bell flown in from San Diego, Calif

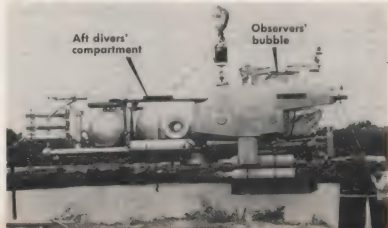


SEA-Link AWAITS WORD ON "SEA DIVER"
From routine into tragedy.

—the men had been under water 26 hours. The bell also snagged in debris. One of the divers then tried to swim to the sub, but he could not make headway against the 2½-knot current. Hindered by debris and problems with its sonar gear, a little submersible called a Cubmarine had no better luck. Just as the situation seemed hopeless, the research ship *A.B. Wood* arrived, equipped with a remote-controlled underwater television camera. Using the camera to guide a grapple hook, the *Wood* managed to snare *Sea-Link*; a single tug freed the sub, which rose immediately to the surface.

It was a bittersweet success. Menzies and Meek emerged unharmed from their 31-hour ordeal in the forward compartment, where the atmosphere had remained at about sea-level pressure. But rescuers had to leave Link and Stover (whose motionless bodies could be seen through portholes) inside the aft compartment while it was slowly depressurized; if the men were still alive, suddenly opening the hatch at sea level would have caused a possibly fatal case of bends. When the hatch was opened, the fears were confirmed: both Link and Stover had died of carbon dioxide poisoning. Heartbroken by the loss, the elder Link nonetheless vowed to continue his oceanographic work. "We're not going to stop," he said. "This [tragedy] shows the magnitude of the problem and the challenge."

"SEA-LINK" BEING INSPECTED BEFORE DIVE





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[†]Av. Per Cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.

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Hard-Nosed About Hard-Core

When the Justices of the Supreme Court sat down to consider their current harvest of pornography cases, they found themselves in rare and unanimous agreement on one point: the procedures then in effect for handling the problem were a hopeless failure. Thus they concluded that the entire legal definition of obscenity had to be re-examined. Justice William Brennan, chief architect of the court's gradual course toward liberalization, argued urgently that virtually all pornography bans should be scrapped as constitutionally unworkable. With no less force, Chief Justice Warren Burger spoke in favor of stricter standards, "more concrete than those in the past." Last week, in a decision that could drastically clamp down on the so-called sexual explosion in U.S. art and entertainment and, perhaps more important, turn loose the forces of puritanical repression, the court backed Burger's call for curtailment.

The other three Nixon nominees and Byron White joined the Chief Justice in a new test for pornography. It is now constitutional, said Burger, for states to ban any "works which, taken as a whole, appeal to the prurient interest in sex, which portray sexual conduct in a patently offensive way, and which, taken as a whole, do not have serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value."

The last part contains the significant shift. Previously a work had to be "uti-

terly without redeeming social value." Now to be considered obscene it must fail to rate as a "serious" entrant in the marketplace of ideas.

Burger was not troubled by the argument that because no one has proved pornography harmful, states have no right to prohibit it. "Although there is no conclusive proof of a connection between antisocial behavior and obscene material," said Burger, a legislature "could quite reasonably determine that such a connection does or might exist." Obscenity, Burger added, has never been protected by the First Amendment. Thus there is no constitutional problem—which leaves states free to protect "the quality of life and the total community environment, the tone of commerce in the great city centers and, possibly, the public safety itself."

The Chief Justice did concede that many current state statutes are so vaguely drawn that they do not give clear notice of what is banned. The court, therefore, was careful to toughen the standards for anti-obscenity laws in an effort to prevent imprecise or overly extensive statutory language. Only "works which depict or describe sexual conduct" can be outlawed, said the court, and that conduct "must be specifically defined by state law."

Though legal experts maintained that careful study and even new test cases are needed before the effects of the decision will become fully clear, the impact seemed all too obvious to some sellers of hard-core pornography—against whom the decision was specifically aimed. In New York, Washington, Los Angeles and other cities, "porn shop" operators almost immediately yanked some of their more blatantly sexual material off shelves and display cases. In addition, New York police learned that operators of live sex shows planned to require performers to wear G strings, and that many "adult" movie-house owners were about to make a quick switch to more soft-core fare



CHICAGO PORN STORE
Some useful byproducts.

"The hard-core industry is going to dry up," said Dave Friedman, president of the Adult Film Association of America, an organization of X-rated movie producers. "The court ruling is a lot more far-reaching than any of us expected."

New Tactic. Indeed, it may reach further than even some pornography reformers expected. In Utah, which has one of the nation's toughest anti-obscenity laws, officials felt sufficiently bolstered by the new ruling to announce that any attempt to show *Last Tango in Paris*, which had been scheduled to open in Salt Lake City, would result in arrests and the confiscation of the film. "It will never be shown here without undergoing lots of prosecution," promised Deputy Attorney General Robert Hansen. *Last Tango's* explicit sex scenes have, in fact, stirred enormous controversy for months, but some legal authorities doubted that even the court's strictest members meant to brand such pictures as hard-core pornography. *Last Tango* has, after all, attracted as much serious acclaim as it has protest. What the new definition does is to shift an important tactical burden from the prosecution to the defense. Where in the past the state was often forced to produce expert testimony to prove a work valueless, now the defendant will most likely have to produce his own experts to testify to its value. Moreover, Burger specifically ruled that even without any expert testimony, judges and juries may conclude that a work is pornographic.

Substantially increasing the importance of the new definition of pornography was another ruling that will allow local courts to decide whether or not a work is obscene in the light of local community standards rather than national attitudes, as in the past. "It is neither realistic nor constitutionally sound," said Burger, to require "that the people of Maine or Mississippi accept public depiction of conduct found tol-



SCENE FROM "LAST TANGO"

It's America's whiskey.

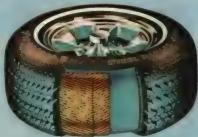


Down in New Orleans you find things you don't find just anywhere. Things like the original New Orleans Jazz and seafood gumbo and the old French Quarter. But wherever you go in America you find people enjoying the light taste of 7 Crown.

Fact is, more people enjoy 7 Crown than the leading Scotch and Canadian combined.

Seagram's 7 Crown.





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That reasoning has the considerable popular appeal of allowing towns and cities to decide for themselves how much of the sexual revolution they want to find in movies and books within their boundaries. It may even mean that different neighborhoods could have different standards, though the court did not get that specific. In any case, Georgia Bar Association Official Larry Salmon predicted that legislatures and city councils will lose little time in accepting the court's suggestion that they pass laws spelling out "what will and what will not be tolerated in the nature of explicit sexual material."

Disparate Rulings. That local-standard rule could conceivably turn into a nightmare for publishers, film makers and other distributors of mass-circulation material. Robert Bernstein, head of Random House, sees the decision as "a call to arms to every crazy vigilante group in this country." Michigan Attorney General Frank Kelley warns, "This really sets us back in the dark ages. Now prosecuting attorneys in every county and state will be grandstanding, and every jury in every little community will have a crack at each new book, play and movie."

Many works will clearly be acceptable in some parts of the nation but not in others. Disparate rulings would force distributors into an uncomfortable choice—either bowing to the strictest law, forfeiting part of their business, or circulating various versions of a work. "Community enforcement may result in hundreds of different film prints distributed around the country," predicts Producer Russ Meyer, a creator of soft-core nude flicks. Producer-Director Stanley Kramer predicts that the decision could bring chaos to many movie companies; Irwin Karp, an attorney for the Authors League of America, said that publishers will be put under "real restraints."

Actually, there is still some doubt about the ultimate potency of local standards. Burger specifically stated that communities have the power to decide whether or not works are "patently offensive" and predominantly "prurient." His opinion even left open the possibility that "seriousness"—the third and newest test for obscenity—was a matter of local interpretation. But what would happen if Masters and Johnson's *Human Sexual Response*, despite its obvious, even relentless seriousness, were ruled obscene by a local jury? Could that determination be thrown out by an appeals court? Surely the reply has to be yes, but the definitive answer must await further decisions.

In other new rulings that, as anticipated, strengthen Government regulatory powers (TIME, June 25), the court decided that officials can prevent the importation or transportation of pornography across state lines on public carriers even for strictly personal use. It was also held that obscenity is illegal

even when it is offered in adults-only shows. Said Burger: "Conduct that the state police power can prohibit on a public street does not become automatically protected by the Constitution merely because the conduct is moved to a bar or 'live' theater stage, any more than a 'live' performance of a man and woman locked in a sexual embrace at high noon in Times Square is protected by the Constitution because they simultaneously engage in a valid political dialogue." California Attorney David Brown, whose firm has defended numerous obscenity cases, noted that Burger had thus "flatly rejected" the contention that the Government has no interest in telling adults what they can see or read—"principal argument" in the past when defending clients

free and robust exchange of ideas and political debate with commercial exploitation of obscene material demeans

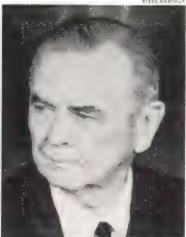
the First Amendment and its high purposes in the historic struggle for freedom." Courts can distinguish between ideas and exploitation. "One can concede that the 'sexual revolution' of recent years may have had useful by-products in striking layers of prudery from a subject long irritatingly kept from needed ventilation." But that should not prevent "regulation of patently offensive 'hard-core' materials."

For a man so careful to tell the states to be precise in drawing up their laws on sexual conduct, Burger was remarkably imprecise in his own definition. Sexual conduct can, in his view, include "patently offensive representations or



CHIEF JUSTICE BURGER

Unanimous agreement that procedures were failures.



JUSTICE BRENNAN

charged with pornography violations. The only liberal rule left untouched by the court is that individuals may have anything, however filthy, in their own homes for private use.

The court's dissenting minority freely conceded that the prior attempts to establish limits to pornography had failed miserably. "After 15 years of experimentation and debate," said William Brennan, "I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that none of the available formulas" are acceptable. He favored dropping all prohibitions except those to protect juveniles and adults who wish to avoid smut. As a result he opposed the Chief Justice's new effort at definition. "Even a legitimate, sharply focused state concern for the morality of the community," he said, "cannot... justify an assault on the protections of the First Amendment," which guarantees freedom of speech and the press. Justice William Douglas agreed. The new definition, he said, "would make it possible to ban any paper or any journal or magazine in some benighted place."

Burger brushed aside dissenting attempts to "sound the alarm of repression." Actually, he said, "to equate the

descriptions of masturbation, excretory functions, and lewd exhibition of the genitals" as well as "ultimate sexual acts, normal or perverted." But "patently offensive" by whose standards?

What about the sort of unabashed nudity and uninhibited sexual discussion that is the staple of such successful magazines as *Playboy* and *Penthouse*? It may well have to be toned down. In any case, most states will probably have to redraft their laws, since existing statutes now tend to be so prudish that they do not actually define what they are forbidding.

It is, in fact, unlikely that the court itself can rest on its current decision for long. The Burger opinion has created new ambiguities in the law that can only be resolved by fresh appeals, many of which will probably grow out of prosecutions encouraged by last week's tough rulings. In allowing states greater freedom to protect their "quality of life" by cracking down on pornography, the court, in effect, billed its decision as the latest anti-pollution law. It may soon find, as have surprised environmentalists, that strict regulations of pollution in one form can quickly increase its danger in other forms.

Slowdown on Research

It may sound dramatic to say so, but today, lights are going out in laboratories in many parts of America.

Dr. Arthur Kornberg, Nobel laureate and Stanford University professor of biochemistry, who made that gloomy statement in March before the House Subcommittee on Public Health and Environment, was not exaggerating. In its proposed budget for the fiscal year beginning July 1, the Nixon Administration has drastically cut federal support for research projects, medical schools and hospitals. As a result, many doctors and scientists fear that American medical research—long pre-emi-

in the Administration's new budget. In 1972 this "investigator-initiated" research got \$564.3 million; next year the amount proposed will actually increase slightly—to \$582.8 million. But many doctors feel that the figures mask an alarming change in direction that will have a long-range effect. The Administration is actually budgeting \$460.6 million for continued funding of research already under way; the \$122.2 million that is left for new research projects is \$85 million less than in 1972. As a result of that reduction, the National Cancer Institute's allocation for new research is being chopped from \$32 million to \$24 million.

The alarm has also been sounded at the nation's medical schools, which

ly effective. Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston will lose half of its trainees in pediatric cardiology; they are primarily supported by the National Heart and Lung Institute. "We can't accept fewer patients," says the program's director Dr. Alexander Nadas, "so the quality of care must be affected."

Nadas is even more concerned about the long-range effect of the budget. "The funding cuts will make a major impact on teaching, on care and on research," he says. "It will be years before we can recoup. Once they turn the faucet off, you cannot easily turn it on again, because there will be nothing to come out."

Cost Effectiveness. Despite the obvious blow to medical research and care, the Administration has been stoutly defending its budget slashes. Says Dr. John Zapp, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare: "We are convinced that direct support of the training of biomedical scientists for careers in research is at this time an unnecessary and unproductive expenditure of public funds." As the Administration sees it, the need for large numbers of research scientists has passed, and training too many more could lead to an oversupply. The Administration also believes that scarce federal funds should be used to apply knowledge that is already in hand, and that those who seek careers in research should pay for their own training.

Doctors and medical researchers are generally cynical about the cutbacks. Some see them as a form of revenge by President Nixon on a scientific community that has largely opposed him politically. A handful attribute the new budget to simple shortsightedness. "Those guys in the White House must think they're never going to get sick," says a Manhattan virologist. But most medical men blame the slashes on the cost-accounting mentality that now seems to prevail at HEW. Says Dr. James Watson, who won the Nobel Prize for deciphering the structure of the DNA molecule: "The thought that 'directed' and 'planned' research should get us there faster apparently seems more and more obvious to the legal accountant bosses of HEW, schooled in the virtues of corporate planning sessions that have produced unassessable successes like the Band-Aid and the Mustang."

In anticipation of the cutbacks, some medical schools are appealing to state legislatures for funds—thus far without notable success. Others are seeking private support for research. Dr. Robert Felix, dean of the St. Louis University School of Medicine, has devoted himself to hustling funds full time since his school lost about \$1,000,000 of its \$11 million budget. "Now I know how a prostitute feels," he says. "But there's no way around it."

There still may be hope for Felix and his fellow deans. Congress has already passed an omnibus health bill re-



PEDIATRIC CARDIOLOGISTS & PATIENT AT BOSTON'S CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL
A serious threat to American medical pre-eminence.

nent in the world—could be severely hobbled and perhaps set back by as much as a decade.

If the budget proposals are approved, the ax will fall on a wide range of medical institutions and programs. Two years ago, for example, the National Institute of General Medical Sciences, which supports a variety of projects in the field of genetics, had a budget of \$28.3 million for new research grants; next year it will get \$5,000,000. General research support grants, administered by the National Institutes of Health's Division of Research Resources, have been cut from \$55.2 million to \$17 million. Research fellowships and training grants, essential to the training of medical researchers and instructors, are being phased out completely. Although funds for training totaled \$185.5 million in fiscal 1972, the Administration is asking for only \$125.9 million next year, all of it to honor commitments already made. Once those now receiving fellowships complete their courses, the program will end.

On the face of it, the funds for basic research seem to have held their own

count on the Government for almost 50% of their operating budgets; in the new budget, they will get 15% less money next fiscal year than this, and 25% less than they had hoped for. The University of Washington's medical school, for one, stands to lose at least \$7,000,000 in federal grants. As a result, it is cutting back on its training of nurses and pharmacists, and may lose 100 faculty members. The University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine plans to increase tuition by 6%, even though more than half of its student body now needs financial assistance to get through school. A study by the Association of American Medical Colleges predicts that U.S. medical schools may have to discharge as many as 1,400 faculty members unless additional funds become available.

Cuts in research funds will also have a direct effect on patient care in many communities. The University of Michigan, which will lose \$700,000 in general research grants, is terminating a research project that has provided drug treatment for patients with cancer of the colon. When the reductions are ful-

storing five programs—including hospital construction, regional medical programs, and public health and allied health training—that the Administration had tried to kill. Moreover, the measure passed by such an overwhelming margin (372 to 1 in the House; 72 to 19 in the Senate) that President Nixon last week quietly signed it into law. Now Congress is trying to salvage other health measures. The House, under the leadership of Representative Paul Rogers of Florida, has passed a \$415 million training and fellowship bill that is also expected to win Senate approval. The House Appropriations Committee is attempting to restore all NIH items to or above the 1972 funding level and reestablish the old ratio between new and ongoing research grants. If Congress succeeds in saving these programs, it can still prevent both the lights in the laboratories and the luster of American medicine from being dimmed.

The Errant Cell

Atherosclerosis, a form of arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries, is a major cause of the heart disease that claims more than 1,000,000 American lives each year. Most doctors believe that fats like cholesterol are primarily responsible for the gradual arterial buildup of the hard, fibrous deposits that characterize the condition. A University of Washington pathologist offers a startlingly different explanation. Relegating cholesterol to a secondary role in heart disease, Dr. Earl Benditt suggests that atherosclerotic deposits, or plaques, may be derived from a single abnormal cell that multiplies into tumor-like growths.

Benditt's hypothesis is based on experiments with chickens, which developed arterial deposits identical to those found in humans, whether or not the birds were fed cholesterol. Some fatty material was found in the growths, but it apparently had begun to accumulate after the formation of the plaques.

Outlaw Cell. Benditt then turned his attention to post-mortem examinations of human atherosclerotic plaques, which look like lumps on the insides of the arteries. His research revealed that the cells forming the plaque, while genetically identical to each other, were different from the cells in the arterial wall. Thus his finding suggests that abnormal cells may reproduce themselves to form plaque, just as outlaw cells can duplicate themselves to form tumors.

Benditt has yet to explain the origin of the abnormal cell, which could result from exposure to a virus or chemical agent. His call for further study to determine if his hypothesis is correct is already gathering support. As one of Benditt's fellow scientists recently wrote: "In conversations with people, the first reaction is disbelief and ridicule, changing slowly to interest and logical reconsideration, and evolving shortly into amazement and enthusiasm."

Making It in Munich

Her career, observes Actress Carrie Nye, has been "obscure enough to be considered practically invisible, generally involving Isen plays in converted pizza parlors, Euripides revivals in condemned howling alleys and many happy hours at Channel 13 [New York's public television station]." So, despite her extensive stage experience on and off Broadway, including a Tony nomination performance in Half a Sixpence, she was somewhat surprised last fall when she was asked to appear in two movies for TV with Superstars Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. The

tall, or at least he was when we began.

Why did I go? Why, indeed. Wild stallions couldn't have stopped me. Urged on by family, friends true and false, agents, a sense of the grotesque and a positively overwhelming curiosity, I went to Munich.

My introduction to the Stars was delayed somewhat by Madame Gisele. Somehow my 100 lbs. had been translated into roughly 1,000, and Madame Gisele had designed accordingly. The problem was eventually solved by wearing the roomy creation backwards in an attempt to conceal several miles of mournfully trailing crepe de Chine.

Eventually my presence was re-



ACTRESS CARRIE NYE & RICHARD BURTON; LIZ BURTON
"I am old and gray and incredibly gifted!"



movies, a matched set of thudding disasters coyly entitled *Divorce His and Divorce Hers*, were shown on ABC Feb. 6 and 7 and, incredibly, are being rebroadcast this week. Now back in New York with her husband Dick Cavett, Nye offers the following memoir of her disconcerting brush with movie-making, Burton-Taylor style.

I was, as Mrs. Onassis' cook and others who rat on their benefactors phrase it, in their employ. An unidentified party, demonstrably in his cups, had called from Zagreb, and in hushed tones and cold blood invited me to be in a movie with Them. You know, Those Two.

The voice from Zagreb tossed off a few bits of information: the two films were to be shot simultaneously. Although the action takes place in Rome, it would naturally be filmed in Bavaria. My wardrobe was to be knitted up by someone known as Madame Gisele. Unreassuringly, the director in command of all these forces was an Etonian Pakistani who was 4 ft. 11 in

quired to do a smidgen of acting with the Male Star. With great dread, I was taken away in a Mercedes-Benz redolent of the high command and delivered, in a manner usually associated with parcels, to Bavaria Platz Studios.

My acting chore for the day was to be introduced to Himself and launch without further ado into a long, loud and boring scene during which I was to be 1) obstreperous, 2) a general nuisance and 3) drunk as a billy goat. All went as anticipated except for one detail. The Star had beaten me to the punch. Or, if you will, the stirrup cup. And so ended the first day.

As a matter of record, so ended the second, third and fourth days. After a spell, it became apparent that Mr. Burton did not do an awful lot of work after lunch, and Mrs. Taylor-Burton, whom I had yet to clap eyes on, did not generally arrive until about a quarter of three in the afternoon. And as our little movielets were love stories, albeit somewhat *mature* love stories, it was important that the lovers meet before the

cameras at some point. So until all of this was ironed out, the rest of us had quite a bit of time on our hands. The problem of mutiny was solved in classic movie fashion by issuing a daily call sheet. Examples from this extraordinary document: 10:00: Mr. Burton's car arrives hotel. 10:15: Mr. Burton's car leaves hotel. 10:40-10:45: Mr. Burton gets out of car... etc.

Epic Cases. After a while, we began to be invited to luncheon chez Burton. I can only assume this was intended as a kindness, an admirable act of *noblesse oblige*. Mrs. Burton was a charming and gracious hostess, and Mr. Burton, if a bit expansive at times, did his best to make us all feel right at home, except during a rather murky incident somewhere between the hors d'oeuvres and the fish course, when it appeared that either my wrist or my neck was going to be snapped by the host. I am still mystified as to my transgression, but Mr. Burton's reputation as a lady killer took on for the moment a rather sinister hue.

What was actually eaten, if anything, at these cozy impromptu for twelve (most of whom are in the Burtons' permanent employ, as opposed to us temporary help) is lost to memory. What was imbibed will be permanently inscribed on my liver for the rest of my days. There was a goodly amount of joshing about who drank the most Jack Daniels, or tequila, or Jack Daniels with tequila, or vodka and champagne, or Serno and Scotch, and in just which European capital, South American port or Balkan satellite these epic cases of alcohol poisoning took place. All this good fun should be punctuated by phone calls from the anguished director to inquire when, if ever, work could be resumed. Mr. Burton could generally be relied upon to knock off work early, usually with a magnificent display of temper, foot stamping, and a few exit lines delivered in the finest St. Crispin's Day style. My favorite was "I am old and gray and incredibly gifted!"

Both Bs had a genius for delivering breath-stopping statements. One day Mr. Burton said to me: "You know my wife—my wife Elizabeth lin case her identity had not come to my attention—is the most beautiful woman in the world." I wisely decided a firm yes would cover it one nicely. He also volunteered the information that he could read an entire book every day. He didn't say he actually did, just that he could if he wanted to. Fortunately, no reply was needed, for at that moment I trod heavily on either a beer can or one of the old Dom Pérignon bottles that were usually kicking around underfoot. My wounded toe was promptly dealt with in a manner that in addition to being exquisite for its agony was impressive for its style. A bottle of Napoleon brandy of priceless pedigree was poured over the toe, the floor and the ankles of several dress extras.

I am told every brush with the great

and the near great supposedly has its poignant moments, proving that they are just folks after all. My experience seemed notably lacking, though there was one that might qualify. While *à deux* with Mrs. Taylor-Burton and a heaker of champagne, she remarked that Richard often considered returning to Oxford to become a simple don. This was said with great sincerity and a straight face. Which—since the lady was at the time wearing a stupefying wig made from the scalps of at least nine healthy Italians and a frock costing upwards of \$5,000—gave me a poignant vision of donnish simplicity.

Just as I was considering building a home in Austria and putting in some annuals, our chores finally came to an end. Four weeks and umpteen transatlantic phone calls after it began, I returned home—richer, thinner, sporting a veneer of *Weltschmerz* and the ability to do a staggering imitation of R. Burton, which is pretty effective, if not particularly useful.

Viewpoint: No Time for Partisans

"The news media should never create news, it should only cover news. Take all these cameras out of here do that within 15 minutes and this crowd would peter out."

The speaker is a delegate to last summer's Republican National Convention, nervously eying a group of weird-looking youths assembled to taunt him and his fellows at the entrance to the Miami Beach auditorium. The listeners are a *cinéma vérité* team from CBS News, working on a stylish documentary about how one aspect of the big story—the hippie-yippie-zippie street demonstrations—was covered by their colleagues.

Unfortunately for Producer-Reporter John Sharnik, this story within

the story did not amount to much more than a few gaseous brushes between cops and kids—stuff that Executive Producer Robert Wussler, who called most of the shots in Central Control during the convention, chose sensibly to ignore. Thus, through no fault of its creators, *CBS Reports: Anatomy of a News Story*, which is being aired this week, does not have quite strong enough a spine. On the other hand, the demonstrators' lack of emotional intrusiveness does allow the reporters—and the viewer—to concentrate on how raw information travels up the pipes, how various hands shape it into a manageable story as it goes along.

High Pressure. For some, *Anatomy* should be very reassuring: things move so fast that liberal or conservative commentators do not have time to slant the news. Quite obviously, the kind of nervous system that used to be attracted to city rooms in *The Front Page*'s era now finds its true home in TV control booths. The keyed-up newsmen working for CBS are good at their jobs, at least in part because they are juiced by the constant demand to make decisions at speed. Yet within the inevitable limits of time, this documentary shows, they did a reasonable, balanced news report of the convention.

Anatomy of a News Story never directly responds to that anonymous delegate's injunction merely to cover, not create, news. There is no need to do so. The program simply and quietly accepts the fact that such neat divisions of function are no longer feasible. Hearteningly, it also implies that TV newsmen are acutely aware of the dangers this new situation presents and, even in the most heated moments, do their best to guard against them. *Anatomy* is neither self-critical nor self-congratulatory. It is, rather, what any good news story ought to be—a cool, objective, craftsman-like report on the way one interesting, quite typical happening worked out. Good show.

■ Richard Schickel



CBS NEWSMEN AT WORK DURING THE 1972 G.O.P. CONVENTION
The trick is to cover, not create.

Vatican Program Notes

The concert in the Vatican's sleekly modern audience hall was decidedly ecumenical. On the podium was Leonard Bernstein, who recalled during rehearsals the "deeply touching" response accorded by Catholics to his controversial *Mass*. At last week's "unrefusable" appearance, he conducted the Harvard Glee Club and the Newark Boys Chorus in a program ranging from Bach's *Magnificat* to Bernstein's own *Chichester Psalms*, sung in Hebrew. The occasion was an annual concert that this year coincides with the tenth anniversary of Pope Paul VI's accession to the papacy.



BERNSTEIN AND POPE PAUL
Bishops should be in tune.

But the Pope's anniversary was marked by other ecclesiastical notes as well. One was an extraordinary offer attributed to the Pope by a Vatican ecumenical adviser, the Rev. Antonio Javierre. Pope Paul, said Javierre in an interview with the *Salesian News Agency*, would be willing to move out of both his Vatican Palace and St. Peter's Basilica "if it were the price to be paid to achieve [Christian] unity." According to the priest, the Pontiff made the remark in a recent private conversation in response to Javierre's own questioning. The Pope reportedly added that he could take up residence in the Lateran Palace outside the Vatican, the nominal headquarters of Popes in their capacity as Bishops of Rome.

Presumably, Paul was indicating willingness to make a dramatic symbolic renunciation of the Vatican surroundings that emphasize his position as supreme head of the church. But it hardly seems probable that the Pope has

any real intention of moving out of the Vatican. And in any case, he has said nothing about giving up the papacy's claim to infallible authority on matters of faith and morals, which many Protestant and Orthodox ecumenists consider a far greater obstacle to unification than the Pope's choice of homes.

Moreover, the Vatican conveniently provided an example of how such authority can operate within the church. While Javierre's report was circulating, the Sacred Congregation for Bishops issued a stern, 250-page directive to the 3,200 bishops of the church. It set forth stiff new standards for a bishop's lifestyle (he should be "internally and externally poor"; his house should be "modest") and cautioned bishops to avoid "authoritarianism" and to respect "liberty of opinion." But it left little room for dissenting opinion from bishops themselves. Their duty is to be "tuned in with the church." They should "exercise great caution" in discussing publicly the problems of the church, "even if urgent, still very complicated and difficult." Otherwise, the document warned, a bishop's statements could be reported widely, especially if they were "in contrast with the common opinion of the Pope and the [other] bishops"—in other words, if they made news.

Even as the directive came down, the Vatican was still reverberating from a 10,000-word blast recently issued by Dom Giovanni Franzoni, abbot of the famous Benedictine monastery of St. Paul's Outside the Walls in Rome. Dom Giovanni, who is also a bishop, distributed his angry document, entitled "The Earth Is God's," to journalists at the June meeting of Italy's bishops in Vatican City. In it, he charged that the church is involved in "capitalistic exploitations at the economic, social and ideological levels." As one effort to reverse that alliance, Dom Giovanni announced, he intends to leave his monastery—but not his capacity as a bishop—to labor among the impoverished shack dwellers of Rome's peripheral shantytowns—"the new desert, which we must make fruitful."

Greece's Other Coup

Through the centuries, the Orthodox Church of Greece has learned to live with many kinds of political power. So when the monarchy was abolished in June, Archbishop Ieronymos of Athens, for 18 years a chaplain at the royal palace, dutifully sent his bishops an order to eliminate prayers for the royal family from all church services. Such outward meekness has masked considerable turmoil of another kind—a struggle over power and reform within the bishops' own ranks.

When the junta of right-wing army colonels seized power in Greece in



ATHENS' ARCHBISHOP IERONYMOS
"You are afraid of the light!"

1967, they promised, with characteristic fervor, a regime of "Christian reform and purity." At the time, few things in Greece seemed to need reform and purity more than the Greek Orthodox Church itself, which encompasses—at least nominally—97% of the population. Churches, schools and chaplaincies were some 3,000 priests short. The available ones, most of whom had never gone past the sixth grade, were paid as little as \$33 a month. The conservative and antiquated hierarchy—most bishops were over 70—paid little attention to either social ills or the disaffected young. In addition, some of the supposedly celibate bishops had been named in scandals involving sexual misconduct as well as gambling.

To remedy all this, the colonels ousted Chrysostomos, Primate of Greece, by applying a retirement age of 80 to the Archbishop (Chrysostomos was 87). In his place as Archbishop of Athens they installed Palace Chaplain Ieronymos Kotsionis, a gray-bearded strippling then 61. A professor of canon law and author of more than 90 published works, Ieronymos started out with all the zeal of a theologian newly armed with power. He ordered special drives to aid the poor and sick, revamped the church welfare system, rented hundreds of "homes of tranquility" for the aged. He raised clerical salaries substantially. He drafted a new charter for the church that set 72 as the retirement age for bishops, broadened participation by the laity, and gave the church more responsibility for religious education, which has long been shared with the state.

Impressive as they were, Ieronymos' aggressive reforms still had a dictatorial side. He got the government to authorize kangaroo courts in which clergymen could be dismissed simply for hav-

**TASTE WHY
ENGLAND KNIGHTED
BURNETT**

SIR ROBERT
BURNETT'S
WHITE SATIN
GIN

QUITE REASONABLE, REALLY

RELIGION

ing a bad reputation, and on the basis of hearsay evidence alone. The fate of an accused churchman, Ieronymos himself admitted, depended not on whether the charges were true or false but on "the effect that these charges have on a reputation." Ieronymos got rid of two bishops by trial and forced seven more to resign under threat of prosecution. He went after not only bishops reputed to be immoral but also those who criticized him and his policies.

His harsh tactics caught up with Ieronymos last November, when the full Greek church hierarchy met for the first time since 1969. At issue was the selection of a new ten-member Synod to run the church. Among the obscure complexities of the Greek Orthodox Church is the fact that just over half of it owes obedience solely to the Church of Greece. The rest, some 33 dioceses in the "new lands" of northern Greece, which the Greeks won from the Turks more than a half-century ago, still owes a residual loyalty to the Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, Demetrios I. Following tradition, Demetrios wanted the usual quota of Northern representatives in the Synod, picked on the basis of seniority. Instead, Ieronymos engineered the election of younger "men of merit" who backed his own policies, and he ignored geographical criteria for distributing Synod seats.

Canon Law. Ieronymos' effort to pack the Synod provoked a counterattack. Bishop Ambrosios, Metropolitan of Eleutheropolis, called Ieronymos a despot; the Primate thereupon suspended Ambrosios for three days. "You are violating canon law, Your Beatitude!" cried Ambrosios. "You are afraid of the light, Your Beatitude!"

His Beatitude retired to his native island of Tinos for rest and contemplation after the protracted arguments. Upon returning, he announced to the Synod that, "after much thought and prayer," he was resigning. The Synod rejected his resignation, just as Ieronymos had apparently expected. What he did not expect was that dissident bishops would go to court and, on a technicality, get the whole Synod declared illegal. The bishops thereupon elected a new Synod in May. It went back to the old geographical arrangements and reduced Ieronymos' supporters to a minority of three out of ten.

For the time being, at least, that appears to settle the matter, putting an end to Ieronymos' autocratic rule and restoring the antique system of checks and balances that has kept power in the Greek Church divided among an episcopal oligarchy. Though a few of Ieronymos' supporters have asked a Greek court to declare the second Synod illegal, they stand little chance of success. Moderates now hope that the Church of Greece can get back to constructive work, which progresses slowly enough in the best of times and has been all but paralyzed since last year by the internecine warfare.

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THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE
Directed by PETER YATES
Screenplay by PAUL MONASH

Physically he is right for the part. The slope of the belly has grown more acute with the passage of years; the face is puffy and well-worn; even the complexion looks gray, with just a hint of green around the gills. But there is more than mere looks to Robert Mitchum's performance as Eddie Coyle, the aging, small-time hood with a big-time survival problem. The weariness, the hooded cynicism, the underlying toughness that seems to consist more of an ability to survive beatings rather than administer them—all have always been there, unspoken factors in a career that has consisted largely of trying to transcend roles that did not fully engage one of the most active and original intelligences in the star business. Now, at last, Mitchum achieves a kind of apotheosis in Peter Yates' strong, realistic and totally absorbing rendition of George V. Higgins' bestselling novel.

Coyle's nickname is "Fingers," because five of them were mangled as punishment for fouling up a gun-running operation early in his career. Wary, only partially daunted, in his soldier's way wise to the ways of the underworld, he is still dealing in hot guns, supplying them to a mob specializing in branch bank heists around Boston. Simultaneously, he is trying to beat a bootlegging rap by doing some minimal informing—a thief's honor warring with a middle-aged man's need to put his com-

fort and his family's needs first.

Coyle could easily have been played as a simple victim, a soft spot at the heart of this picture. But supplied with hard blue language by Writer Monash, and played by Mitchum as a man trying to walk—not run—to the nearest exit, he is an infinitely more appealing figure. Coyle is still hard enough to intimidate a reckless apprentice punk, canny enough to fight a good delaying action against the cop who keeps pressing for more and more information and strangely trusting of an old friend who is a much more clever ex-stoolie (and who finally undoes him). In all, Coyle emerges as a complex and multifaceted character. Self-consciously, with an old pro's quiet skills, Mitchum explores all of Coyle's contradictory facets. At 56, when many of his contemporaries are hiding out behind the remnants of their youthful images, he has summoned up the skill and the courage to demonstrate a remarkable range of talents.

Among Coyle's "friends," Steven Keats is a bundle of raw nerves as the kid crook trying to tough it out in a line of work he is not really mature enough to handle. Richard Jordan exudes the dank and oily atmosphere of a basement where one cannot tell the cops from the crooks they suborn; and Peter Boyle menacingly underplays the man who finally betrays Mitchum.

Peter Yates is not a director who asserts his personality in obvious ways. *Eddie Coyle* is, like his previous successes in the action genre (*Bullitt*, *Murphy's War*), a work which efficiently and unobtrusively establishes an ambience that helps to explicate behavior. This is not a matter of directorial "touches," but rather a case of careful overall polish that brings out the grain of his raw material. He accomplishes this with no sacrifice to the pacing of his action sequences or the suspenseful development of his story's arc. *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* should find plenty of friends at the box office this summer.

■ Richard Schickel

Cat and Mouse

A TOUCH OF CLASS
Directed by MELVIN FRANK
Screenplay by MELVIN FRANK
and JACK ROSE

Husband with a wandering eye meets divorcee who has no current attachments. They fly off together on an illicit holiday, fight and joke with each other, and fall in love. Back home again, they set up a mutually convenient rendezvous, a small, snug apartment. The affair, always frazzled, starts to look a little frayed, worn by convention, threatened by guilt and irresolution.

The formula is certainly familiar, but the reaction, in this case, has



SEGAL & JACKSON IN "CLASS"
The earth did not move.

unexpected impact. The husband is George Segal, by far the most deft American actor of light comedy, as he proved recently in Paul Mazursky's *Blume in Love* (TIME, June 25); the divorcee is Glenda Jackson, whose virtuosity and energy dazzle. Together they make an elegant pair of amorous antagonists, their smooth skills bringing great fun and fresh surprise to the sort of material that can always use a good professional refurbishing.

The script is modeled closely on the high-energy comedies of the '30s and '40s. Jackson's Vicki Allesio is the kind of sassy, intelligent woman with a sure sense of her own vulnerability and dignity that Katharine Hepburn played so well. Segal's Steven Blackburn is a role that Cary Grant both defined and epitomized—a man of charm, still susceptible to being tongue-tied and flummoxed by the right woman.

The wit and grace of both performances summons such fond memories, not only makes such comparisons inevitable, but sustains them. When Vicki and Steve make love, they are usually as raucous as they are tender; when they fight, storm warnings are posted. One frantic free-for-all is prompted by Steve's eagerness to have his prowess appraised. "Did the earth move for you?" he inquires (they are in Spain, after all). "It was very nice," Vicki sniffs, sounding a little as if she were recalling the funeral of a distant relative.

Mating seems to offer more time for comedy than resolution, and *A Touch of Class* ends predictably, with a dash of prefabricated melancholy. Melvin Frank's direction, like the script he wrote with Jack Rose, was apparently devised to give his actors maximum room to romp. A wise choice, since Jackson and Segal are the ones with most of the real style and—yes—class.

■ Jay Cocks



MITCHUM IN "EDDIE COYLE"
A kind of apotheosis.



ITALIAN-OWNED OLIVETTI'S SPRAWLING PLANT IN HARRISBURG, PA.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

INVESTMENT

New "Buy America" Policy

More and more Americans have a foreign boss in their future. Propelled by hopes of profit and fears of protectionism, foreign firms are swallowing up American companies or forming their own U.S. subsidiaries to produce goods as diverse as turbines and carpets, chocolate and steel. The tide of investment from overseas has been significantly quickened by the abysmal decline in U.S. stock prices, which enables dollar-laden European and Japanese businessmen to pick up U.S. concerns at bargain rates. Of the corporations buying into America, Frank Sheaffer, the Commerce Department's international investment chief, says: "It is never going to be cheaper for them than it is now."

At present, about 580 overseas firms have direct investments in the U.S. that, on the basis of their book value, total roughly \$15 billion; measured by their real market value, the businesses are worth much more. These holdings are still relatively small compared to the \$90 billion worth of American properties abroad, but the gap is slowly narrowing. Foreigners last year invested a record \$1 billion in buying and building businesses in the U.S., and this year the country seems to have been turned into a giant supermarket, with foreign buyers rushing in to buy corporations off the shelves. Notes Investment Banker Raphael W. Hodgson, vice president of Goldman, Sachs: "Last month there were seven tender offers for U.S. companies from England alone, and there is no reason why there will not be even more this month."

Brown & Williamson Tobacco, a

subsidiary of British-American Tobacco Co., has all but wrapped up a deal to pay \$200 million for Manhattan-based Gimbel Brothers, one of the nation's oldest department store chains. Lloyds Bank of London plans to take over Los Angeles' First Western Bank & Trust Co. for \$115 million. A battle has erupted between Norwegian Shipping Magnate Hilmar Reksten and Britain's P & O Steam Navigation Co. over Texas-based Zapata Corp., a shipping, oil and real estate conglomerate. In the midst of P & O's negotiations to buy Zapata's shipping subsidiary, Reksten weighed in two weeks ago with an offer of \$200 million for control of the entire company—and the fight was on.

Huge Market. Officials of Sweden's Volvo are scouting the Chesapeake Bay area for a site to build an auto assembly plant. Liquifin, an Italian holding company, has made an offer of \$19 million for control of Ronson, the appliance producer. British Land Co. is negotiating a \$153 million bid to take over Manhattan's Uris Buildings Corp.

Meanwhile, Japan's YKK Zipper Co. has almost completed a \$15 million factory in Macon, Ga., and to give it a touch of home the company will fill the grounds with 2,000 cherry trees. Japanese Developer Tsuguto Kitano has bought Manhattan's Murray Hotel, renamed it after himself, and will open for business next month. Kikkoman Shoya Co. opened a \$9,000,000 soy sauce plant last week in Walworth, Wis. Japan's widely diversified Mitsui has revised its former policy of seeking export markets in the U.S. and is now

shopping for new American properties.

Foreigners often feel more optimistic about the U.S. economy than American businessmen do. The overseas investors are attracted by the U.S.'s huge market, its prospects for profit growth and—by their own standards—its moderate rate of inflation. Credit is easy for them to get because so many surplus dollars are sloshing around abroad. With greenbacks continuing to decline on money markets, foreign currency buys more investment dollars than in many decades. Europeans and Japanese are also opening up within the U.S. because they fear that rising protectionism among American labor leaders may lead to stern import barriers.

The foreign inflow has been generally well received by American businessmen, but hints of corporate xenophobia are cropping up. Last week U.S. steelmen, ignoring the enormous presence of American business round the world, began to grumble about the competition that they may face from an \$18 million mini steel mill being built for a Japanese consortium in Auburn, N.Y. Yet the surge in direct foreign investment is a golden boon for the U.S. It will help offset the persistent deficit in the nation's balance of payments and provide new technology for the American economy. How do American workers shape up in the eyes of their foreign bosses? In a wry comment on Sony's plant in San Diego, President Akio Morita says: "Our American dealers questioned whether Sony products made in California would have the same quality as products made in Japan. Regardless of nationality, our workers must use our know-how with the same attention to quality as our Japanese workers do. I am convinced that the Americans are also people of tremendous capabilities."

The Japanese Invade Hawaii

On a recent Sunday, a Honolulu matron answered the door of her stately home to find three Japanese businessmen who offered her \$300,000 for it on the spot; they wanted it as a vacation center for their Hiroshima workers. When she refused, the group's spokesman replied: "Ah, I understand. The \$300,000 was merely for the house. The grounds we can discuss later." Similar, if less startling, offers are being made all over Hawaii these days as Japanese businessmen step up their efforts to buy control of hotels, shops, travel agencies, land and private estates.

Yet the hard lesson that U.S. investors in Europe and Latin America learned earlier is now being thrust upon the Japanese moving into Hawaii: local residents often resent and fear a sudden pronounced rise in takeovers by foreigners. Some Hawaiians are deeply concerned, even though their own state government invited the spurge by spending \$1,000,000 at Japan's Expo '70 in Osaka to promote investment in the islands.

The investment pattern, as much as its size, worries Hawaiians. Japanese companies have invested more than \$250 million, mostly in the islands' booming tourist industry. "If the current pace of Japanese investment continues, it could mean foreign control of the state's leading industry within the next five years," concludes a report of the Republican caucus in the state house of representatives. A Honolulu cab driver is more blunt: "What the Japanese couldn't do during World War II, they are trying to do with bags of money—take over these islands."

So far the Japanese have bought eleven hotels that account for 11% of Hawaii's 36,000 rooms, and they have two other hotels under construction. Among the Japanese-owned hotels: the Hawaiian Regent, the Surfside and the Imperial Hawaiian. They have bought two Honolulu golf courses and some 3,000 acres of resort development land on the big island of Hawaii.

The investment coincides with a surge in Japanese tourism. Since 1970,

when Japan Air Lines initiated a \$250 round-trip package tour between Japan and Honolulu, the annual number of Japanese visitors has jumped from 130,000 to 235,000. About 12% of all the islands' tourists are from Japan, and within five years, one-fourth are expected to be. Even a local pornography shop has signs in both English and Japanese.

Residents whose income is tied to the tourist trade fear that they will be shut out by the new owners. Some Honolulu tourist officials complain that the Japanese are developing a "closed system" in which their countrymen fly J.A.L., use Japanese-owned hotels, buses, shops and restaurants, and Japanese tour guides. "American interests do not see a dollar's worth of business," says one official. The Japanese investors, however, deny this charge.

When the Okai Land Corp. bought a public golf course in Honolulu, rumors circulated that the course was to go private—for Japanese tourists only. The new manager, Shozo Watanabe, denies this. As he told TIME Correspondent Leo Janos, "We are foreigners. We don't want to make mistakes. Even if we thought something was better, if it wouldn't seem better to local residents, we wouldn't do it."

Not everyone is upset about the situation. George Kanahale, a vice president of the Hawaii Corp., a financial conglomerate, says: "The Japanese investors provide needed capital for a perennially money-short economy, as well as jobs for our local labor and revenues for our hard-up government coffers." For their part, the Japanese have been surprised by all the fuss. After discussions with a delegation of concerned Hawaiian businessmen in Tokyo, some of the Japanese investors agreed that they had to mix more with the Hawaiians and become more involved in community affairs and projects.

The criticism, however, is not waning. The Hawaii Civic Association has condemned foreign purchases of real estate. Endorsing the association's resolution, The Hawaiian League of Conservation Voters declared: "No more Japanese syndicates."



SHOPPING FOR GEMS IN MANHATTAN

MERCHANDISING

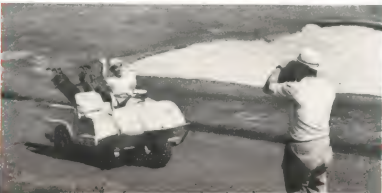
The Rising Cost of Luxury

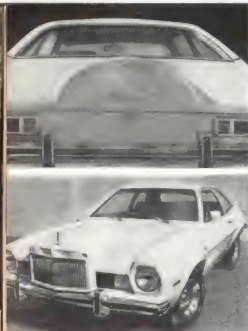
Anita Loos might well change her aphorism to "diamonds are an investor's best friend." So are emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and of course gold. Prices of these and other luxury goods have been rocketing as a result of dollar devaluation and inflation-fueled demand. Indeed many will continue to rise during the price freeze. Reason: most of these goods are imported, and retailers are allowed to tack on increases that they have to pay to their foreign suppliers.

Wholesale prices of large, uncut African diamonds have increased more than 50% since just before the dollar was first devalued 18 months ago. In the past five weeks alone, prices have gone up 10%. The value of other precious stones have had similar increases. At the retail level, heavy gold bracelets have risen no less than 100% and slim gold bands some 67% in the past year. A major reason is that prices of free-market gold have almost doubled since mid-1972, to \$120 or more an ounce.

With the dollar weak and the stock market struggling, Americans are wary of holding on to currency or investing in securities. Instead, some are caught up in an inflation-generated psychology of spending what they have on goods that seem better than money—and are putting their cash into gem stones, jewelry and gold. The affluent are also spending much for costly furs, with the result that mink coat prices are up 20% this year. Meanwhile, the increasingly wealthy Europeans and Japanese are spending their newly enriched currencies on more and more luxury goods, adding further pressures to demand—and to prices.

JAPANESE GOLFERS AT PEARL COUNTRY CLUB OVERLOOKING PEARL HARBOR





PINTO MADE INTO "MINI MARK IV"

AUTOS

Compacts in High Gear

Crowding the freeways, chugging ever costlier gasoline, the standard-sized (which is to say, huge) U.S. car becomes a little less appropriate every day. Though new car sales generally have dipped about 20% below last year's totals for the past two ten-day periods, compact and subcompact sales are up more than 20%. Latest figures show that their share of the U.S. market has increased from 22% only four years ago to 40% now. Ford Motor Co. Chairman Henry Ford predicts that small cars will soon take 50% of the market.

Six out of ten small cars selling in this country are made in the U.S., up from only four out of ten in 1969. Demand is so heavy that some would-be buyers have to wait. Dealers report that GM Vegas, American Motors Gremlins and Ford Pintos are in uncomfortably short supply. Chrysler's Duster, a somewhat larger compact, is also moving fast.

Buyers are adding many expensive options that can almost double the price of a \$2,200 subcompact. The extras include "de-luxe" gas caps, fake wood-grain treatments for station wagons, air conditioning and more powerful (and gas-thirsty) engines. For \$300, Custom-glass, Inc., of Costa Mesa, Calif., will even convert a Ford Pinto into a "Mini Mark IV" Continental by revamping its rear end and giving it a nose bob. Why go to all that bother to doll up a compact with all the frills? Detroit's backseat psychologists have this explanation: the U.S. consumer figures that buying a small car makes sense both economically and ecologically, but he does not want his neighbors to think that he is trying too hard to save a buck.

GROWTH

At Last, the Boom Falters

Fueled by free-spending consumers and businessmen, the economy this year has been hurtling forward at breakneck speed. For months economists have been warning that the rapid rate of expansion could not continue, and that unless the Nixon Administration could hold the economy to a more sustainable pace, the burst of prosperity would be short-lived. Now there are growing signs that the boom is finally faltering.

Last week the Government reported that industrial output in May rose a slender 0.5%, the smallest increase in ten months. In a Commerce Department survey, U.S. manufacturers said that they anticipated sales gains of only about 0.4% in the second quarter, compared with boosts of 4.1% in the year's first three months. Consumer buying is slackening except for some items. After rising exuberantly for four straight months, retail sales slumped by a full \$1 billion in April, to \$41 billion. One reason: growth in personal income slowed in May for the third month in a row, climbing by a slim 0.5%. Says Arthur Okun, a member of TIME's Board of Economists: "The consumption figures look awfully sick for the second quarter."

Businessmen, too, are turning frugal. Inventory buildup, which has contributed much to the corporate spending surge, decelerated by 50% in April, to \$720 million. That is by far the

smallest outlay in the past nine months. Capital spending plans are also being curtailed. In May, for example, a McGraw-Hill survey reported that businessmen round the country intended to raise plant-and-equipment spending this year by 19%. The latest Government study in June put the increase at a more modest 13%. Otto Eckstein, another member of TIME's board, predicts that the increase in capital outlays for the second quarter will be "astonishingly small"—2.4%, about half as much as the first quarter's 4.6%.

The one surprise was the rebound in housing starts in May, after a three-month slide from unsustainable peaks. Starts last month jumped a startling 15.5%, to an annual rate of 2.4 million. Housing experts termed the increase an aberration. Says Michael Sumichrast, chief economist of the National Association of Home Builders: "It isn't a question of whether housing activity will slow down—it's a question of how deep the downturn will be."

Oddly, the signs of slowdown are good news for the Administration's economic policymakers. They have been claiming for months that their restrictive fiscal and monetary policies were dampening the expansion. The tight budget policy was helped considerably when bulging profits and rising incomes led to an upsurge in tax revenues, which has reduced the estimated fiscal 1973

Inflation Watch

The first full week of the Administration's temporary price freeze brought an atmosphere of urgency to the assault on inflation. In a sudden show of toughness, the Cost of Living Council ordered three companies—Peavey (farm supplies), Stokely-Van Camp (processed food) and International Utilities (gas and electricity)—to roll back prices raised in violation of regulations during Phase II. The council plans soon to order additional rollbacks of price increases posted during this year's first quarter in at least seven industries.

Other reports last week: **PRICES:** The Consumer Price Index for May rose at a sharp 7.2% annual rate, equaling April's increase. Inflation is "much too high and subsiding too slowly," conceded Herbert Stein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Gloomily, the Agriculture Department predicted that food prices for the year will jump by an oppressive 12%.

LABOR: Reasonable settlements by major unions like the rubber and electrical workers have lately helped keep

inflation from climbing even higher. Now the Teamsters are reported ready to settle this week for annual wage and benefit increases averaging about 7% over each of the next three years. However, the freeze on company prices could complicate final negotiations. A warm relationship has grown between Teamster Boss Frank Fitzsimmons and President Nixon, and there had been some fear among truck owners that the union would flaunt its clout in the White House to push for a much higher settlement.

STOCK MARKET: In an effort to prod reluctant investors, the Government relaxed its guidelines to allow companies to increase their dividends. The move makes much more attractive the stocks of auto, oil and other companies bulging with profits and in a good position to boost payments.

THE DOLLAR: Foreign money men remained skeptical that Nixon's latest economic initiatives will be enough to revive the ailing dollar soon. As a result, the international exchange rate of the greenback continued to drift lower against most currencies, falling to 2.54 in German marks and 4.22 in French francs.



"Freeze, thief... uh... for a couple of months while I figure out what to do..."

budget deficit from \$25 billion in January to about \$18 billion; the deficit for fiscal 1974 is now put at an almost inconsequential \$2.7 billion. Earlier this year the money supply barely accommodated the needs of the growing economy, but it has since expanded and is now running at a rate of about 7.6%. Interest rates have scooted upward. Last week the First National Bank of Chicago led other banks in lifting the prime lending rate to 7½%, up ¼%, and predicted another boost to 8% in a few weeks.

The economy's growth will continue to slow for the rest of the year, but the expansion was so rapid earlier that the gross national product will probably post a real gain of 6% for the year—not counting inflation. A softer economy could aid the Administration's belatedly hardened price-control program, which can use all the help it can get. A failure to beat inflation now would lead to the worst of both worlds next year: recession and runaway prices at the same time.

AIRLINES

American the Vincible

Set to lilting music and flashing happy scenes of sea and mountains, American Airlines' TV commercials stress a beguiling theme: "To the good life." Yet for American, the nation's second largest domestic airline behind United, the good life has soured as a result of labor, scheduling and overcapacity troubles in the past year. Lately American has resolved some immediate difficulties, but repairing the damage to its once gleaming image is likely to take time.

For this year's first five months,

the line dived \$36.1 million into the red, v. a loss of \$12.8 million during the same period last year. While total U.S. domestic air traffic expanded by 7% in the first quarter, lifting the earnings of most competitors, American had virtually no increase at all. Investment analysts had earlier expected that American would earn \$20 million or more this year, up from a \$5.6 million profit in 1972. Last week Chairman George Spater said that a net loss for 1973 "now seems inevitable." American stock has skidded from a year's high of \$25 a share in early January to \$10.25 last week.

Late last year American ran into trouble during contract negotiations with its independent Allied Pilots Association. Though pilots at other lines fly 80 hours a month, pilots at American have a contract limit of 75 hours, and they had been adamant in refusing flights that put them over that maximum. Management wanted them to work beyond that limit when bad weather, mechanical breakdowns or other problems made it necessary. Miffed, American's pilots began a "rule-book slowdown," taking their sweet time for routine equipment checkouts and throttling back on flights to arrive late. During the slowdown from December to April, American had to cancel 1,300 flights; connections were missed, baggage lost, tempers frayed—and many longtime American customers took their business elsewhere. The company finally won its bargaining point on the hours, but at a frightening loss in passenger loyalty.

American's basic woes go back to 1967 when management, expecting a surge in traffic, decided to load up on jumbo jets. In all, American ordered 16 Boeing 747s and 25 McDonnell Douglas DC-10s. Even when the 1970 recession left lines with empty seats, American continued to take delivery of new aircraft in hopes that a merger with Western Airlines would enable it to fill them up on popular runs to the Southwest sun country and elsewhere. Despite fervid lobbying, the Civil Aeronautics Board last July rejected the merger, and as Spater concedes: "We've had a big bad case of indigestion on those new planes."

In an effort to best use its jumbos, American in 1970 put its faith in long-haul routes leaving from New York and Chicago, and slashed short runs out of less-populous cities like Cleveland and Nashville. Result: many passengers seeking single-line connections between short and long flights switched to other carriers.

American is also hurt because its routes run basically east-west, while the big traffic growth in the past five years has been north-south, on routes served largely by Eastern, Delta and National. Among the 50 largest traffic points in the U.S., the greatest growth has been in Orlando, Raleigh, Charlotte, Miami and Tampa. At the bottom of the list

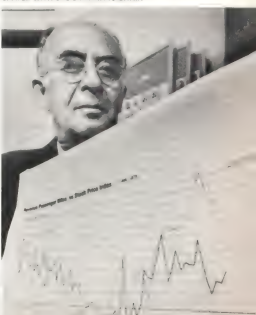
are San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, New York and Cincinnati. Says Spater: "The troubles in the big cities—the rise in the crime rate—and the decline in aerospace activity were among the factors that explain this disappointing performance."

Many airlines were forced to cut staff during the recession, but American hacked more than most, damaging one of its major assets—an experienced, loyal, resourceful field force of reservation agents, ticket sellers and baggage handlers. The company's morale was further bruised when two executives, including the fourth highest officer in the company, were fired last year after being accused of taking kickbacks from printers of the line's slick magazine, *American Way*.

One of the few bright patches in American's sky is its hotel operation—including Manhattan's Americana—which, it is estimated, will earn more than \$3,000,000 this year. To get their airline business moving again, American officials have been rebuilding the field force, expanding the number of short-haul routes, and getting word out to the public that their service problems are over. They would also like to see the stock market gain some altitude. In American's board room, Chairman Spater, now 64, keeps a chart that shows the annual gyrations in passenger miles—and in Standard and Poor's 500 stock average. The two lines are surprisingly coincident, proving that as stocks go up, so do passengers.

Spater's main worry now is that a downturn in the economy early next year will again shrink air travel before American can regain lost ground. If that indeed occurs, American—and George Spater—could be in for an even worse pummeling.

SPATER WITH STOCK-TRAFFIC CHART



HOUSING

To the Victor, the Loss

"I'm a beneficiary of the capitalist system," says George Deffet, the 40-year-old head of a \$30 million-a-year construction and real estate development company that he built from scratch in Columbus. Deffet has profited to the tune of a \$17 million personal fortune, but he adds: "If the benefits can't be made available to others—because of the color of their skin or whatever—then dammit, our system doesn't work."

Deffet has made the System work for him, despite being that rare builder: an ardent advocate of open housing. As a teen-ager, he worked two summers as a railroad section hand and got to know poor blacks. Out of that experience has grown his conviction that everyone ought to share well in the rewards of the System. Deffet was born and reared in Columbus, attending Catholic schools and later the University of Dayton for two years. After an Army hitch in an Alaska ski troop and several years in his father-in-law's Columbus real estate business, he struck out on his own with \$10,000 in borrowed money. Now, twelve years later, a modishly dressed Deffet operates from a plush, mahogany-paneled office.

From a broker specializing in trading homes, Deffet became a builder. His success has been based on shrewd decisions about where to build, careful use of credit leverage available in real estate, and a timely merger with a paving and contracting firm. His refusal to discriminate has been no hindrance. As far back as 1963, long before federal open-housing laws existed, he was advertising each of his apartment projects as a "fair housing community, which practices open occupancy to all."

Bruising Battle. His firm, Deffet Companies, concentrates on building and sometimes operating big housing and apartment complexes as well as office buildings. It has building projects under way in 13 cities and in six Midwestern and Southern states. On at least one of these, the 124-unit Ivy Wood development in Columbus, Deffet will have to take a loss. Any profit from Ivy Wood, a federally subsidized, low- and moderate-income project, has long since been poured into legal fees and other costs of fighting a bruising four-year battle with residents of the adjacent white, middle-class village of Minerva Park.

This month the Franklin County Court of Appeals dismissed the residents' second appeal of a lower court

decision denying an injunction. They had sought it to block Ivy Wood construction on the ground that the project would alter surface drainage and hurt the village, Ivy Wood, for which the N.A.A.C.P.'s National Housing Corp. is the nonprofit sponsor, will be completed. "What we were doing was morally right," says Deffet, "but we cannot build another Ivy Wood. We can't afford it."

Deffet is also convinced that the day of federally subsidized housing developments like Ivy Wood is past. "The high visibility of this housing makes people think that their suburbs will be turned into slums," he explains. Deffet has just finished a 54-unit complex for the Urban League that stands alone in



BUILDER DEFFET AT IVY WOOD IN COLUMBUS
A color-blind rarity.

a downtown Columbus area, and he believes that even that project, with none of Ivy Wood's difficulties, was a mistake. "The way things are, these projects have to be built in areas where they are the least likely to offend, in a poor urban setting or in out-of-the-way places. That only tends to increase the problems that low-income people face."

If future Ivy Woods are doomed by the fierce opposition of white suburbanites, Deffet argues, then there should be federal housing subsidies paid directly to the poor to allow them to compete with everyone else for available private housing. Many of Deffet's industry colleagues over the years have either turned a deaf ear or become angry at his views. Now developers generally tend to listen to Deffet because of his track record. "The only way to be a spokesman," he says, "is to show people that you are successful."

SOUTHEAST ASIA

A Rice Crisis Is Boiling

Rice is life itself in Southeast Asia, and this year there is not enough to go around. Freakishly bad weather last year has turned the region's usual bare sufficiency into severe shortage. The result: smuggling, hoarding, soaring prices and hungry people.

Thailand, a traditional supplier, has left her rice-buying neighbors in panic by halting exports to fill her own needs. China, usually an exporter, has also cut back sales because of a poor harvest last year. Because of the war, South Viet Nam must still rely heavily on buying U.S. rice.

Indonesia and the Philippines face the worst shortages, but wealthier Hong Kong and Singapore also are hard put to find supplies. Prices have rocketed to \$325 a ton, almost four times the 1971 world price. Along with gold and other valuable cargo, smugglers are carrying rice as they ply to Singapore from Indonesia, where rice prices are low.

To ease the crisis, many Asians are looking to the U.S. 1973 crop—perhaps in vain. Spring flooding in the Mississippi Valley ravaged the rice fields. Planting was late, and yields may be low. The Nixon Administration has announced that exports of grains, including rice, may be curbed to keep domestic prices in line. If the U.S. will not export rice, Southeast Asians will have to look to their own resources, tighten their collective belts, and hope that better weather later this year will revive the "green revolution" that was to solve their chronic food shortage.

LABOR

Black-Lung Boondoggle

Along with farm subsidies, ship-building subsidies and harbor projects, another well-intentioned federal-aid program can be added to the long list of those that have degenerated into pork-barrel giveaways. It is the black-lung program, which is financed by the U.S. taxpayer. Designed to compensate the families of coal miners, dead or alive, who were victims of the debilitating coal-dust disease, the program has become a much-abused boondoggle.

The first black-lung bill was signed in 1969, but eligibility requirements were so severe that last year the President and Congress got together on a liberalizing amendment. The election-year amendment was enthusiastically backed by many Congressmen from the coal states—notably Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky—and by President Nixon. Initial cost estimates varied greatly, from \$32 million a year to \$380 million a year. Now the benefits are being paid to about 475,000 miners, widows and other beneficiaries at a rate of \$52 million a month.

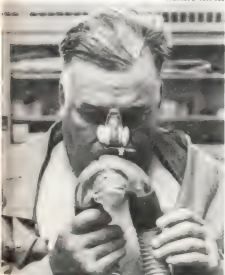
ECONOMY & BUSINESS

Few dispute that benefits should be paid to the families of miners who were disabled because the companies—and the Government—until recently were lax about dust-control standards in the mines. But Donald Davis, an official at national Social Security headquarters, charges that he has been pressured by superiors into approving benefits for "frauds." These range from twice-married widows collecting two separate benefit checks to "black-lung-disabled" healthy young men who worked in the mines only briefly. Prodded by Davis, the General Accounting Office issued a report citing abuses, though its criticism was milder than Davis'.

The trouble is that the program is too liberal. To receive benefits, which are \$170 to \$340 a month, a miner no longer needs to be X-rayed. All that is required is a physician's statement that he has a serious breathing problem. Doctors and clinics with a reputation for being "easy testers" get the miners' business, and the Government pays the fees. Lawyers collect large sums for handling the simple paper work for filing claims. One lawyer, Kelsey Friend of Pikeville, Ky., has pocketed more than \$2,000,000 over several years.

The program has been criticized on Capitol Hill by Republican Senators Jacob Javits of New York, Robert Taft Jr. of Ohio, and others. Critics are upset by reports of abuses and by the fact that the benefits are being paid by taxpayers and not the coal companies. The Government will pay lifetime benefits for any miner who applies up to next Jan. 1; after that, the coal-mining companies are supposed to pay any new claimants. But the companies may even avoid doing that. Carl Perkins, a Democratic Congressman from Kentucky, is talking about submitting a bill that would delay the turnover to private funding at least another two years.

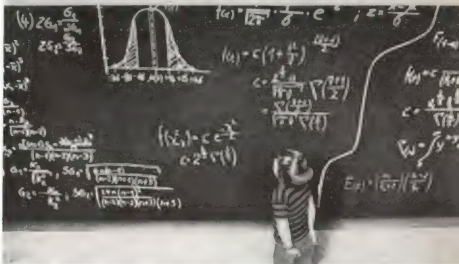
MICHAEL D. SULLIVAN



MINER TAKING BLACK-LUNG TEST
Not a cent from the companies.

TIME, JULY 2, 1973

IBM hilft mit, daß wir morgen mehr und leichter lernen können.



GERMAN AD READS: "IBM IS HELPING SO WE CAN LEARN BETTER AND MORE EASILY TOMORROW"

COMPUTERS

Ganging Up on Snow White

With whimsical bitterness, European computer makers sometimes call themselves "the Seven Dwarfs." In their real-life grim fairy tale, Snow White is played by IBM, and the handsome prince she runs off with is some 60% of the multibillion-dollar European computer market. Hoping to break up the romance, the European Common Market Commission is readying a major proposal for the so-called dwarfs* to gang up on Snow White.

Though the report may not be out for a while, European computer firms are already forming alliances and are cutting into IBM's share of the fast-growing market. Last year West Germany's Siemens and France's Compagnie Internationale pour l'Informatique (CII) agreed to follow a common production policy and progressively merge their marketing departments. Each has already taken over the other's operations in its country, and by 1975 the two hope to market a unified line of computers that would be compatible with IBM equipment. The combination will become stronger if The Netherlands' giant Philips merges its computer branch with the Siemens-CII syndicate; negotiations have been going on for months.

A similar agreement may be in the works between Britain's International Computers Ltd. and Germany's AEG-Telefunken and Nixdorf Computer companies, all of which make computers that are incompatible with IBM's. ICL is the only European firm that is

*IBM's Stateside competitors have also long been called the Seven Dwarfs.

turning even a marginal profit on its computer operations—in no small measure because of some \$80 million in government subsidies that it has received since its creation in 1968 by the merger of two smaller firms.

The formation of the two groups is not what the European Economic Community has in mind. It would prefer European computer firms to unite in one association producing a single line of compatible computers using the same hardware and software. Only through affiliation on this scale, the EEC believes, can European concerns compete strongly against IBM, which controls its huge market slice largely because of its sheer size. With revenues last year of \$9.5 billion, IBM had enormous resources to commit to research and marketing. The revenues of the largest European-based computer maker, ICL, were about \$450 million.

IBM faces pressures at home as well as abroad. Last week the Justice Department asked a federal judge to hold the company in contempt of court unless it produces some 1,200 internal documents that the Government says it needs for a longstanding antitrust suit. The EEC too would like to see Snow White split up into several parts, even though that, admits Christopher Layton, the Common Market Commission's director for advanced technology industries, "wouldn't solve the competition problem." The solution will require an intensive sales program to convince European buyers that home-grown computers are equal to IBM's. One indication of how difficult that may be: the Common Market Commission itself used IBM computers until last year—and then switched to French CII machines only because of an awkwardly "political decision."

Roughing It the Easy Way

*Let's take a trip in a trailer
No need to come back at all
Let's leave our hut, dear, get out of
our rut, dear
Let's get away from it all*

Millions of Americans take the advice of that 32-year-old song seriously, striking out in neo-pioneer style, attempting to get as far from civilization as possible. Backpacking and exploring rustic roads by trailer have become so popular (see box page 61) that the national parks are clogged. The Interior

740,000. There are now some 6.5 million rec-vee families in the U.S.

Just a few years ago, a trailer camp was typically a scruffy mom-and-pop parking lot, often in a small corner of nowhere. The type still exists. But the new sites proliferating from California to Maine, as the following color pages show, are modern amusement centers in choice resort areas. On these spreads, hardship means going without a six-channel cable TV set or a phone hook-up—both of which are likely to be available for a small fee. Such basics as running water, electricity and sewage lines are taken for granted; athletic facilities and organized social activities are common. Says Maxine Bessemer, who owns a motor home and lot on Florida's Nettles Island, the largest commercial campground in the country: "I don't know what you'd call this, but it isn't camping."

Mobile Retirement. What it depends on who you are and what you want. For older people, trailers and deluxe campsites provide a peripatetic retirement in which vistas can be changed by a few days' drive to another campground. For younger families on holiday, the camps offer constant amusement for both parents and children without the high cost of restaurant eating and hotel rooms. To many couples like the Bessemers, who travel only ten miles from their home in Jensen Beach with their two children, the resorts are a togetherness exercise. "I like to have the kids where I don't have to worry about them," says Mrs. Bessemer.

Nettles Island is one of five camps run by Outdoor Resorts of America. With its neatly manicured drives, Nettles looks like a modern suburban development, except that the houses all have wheels. The parking sites are concrete rectangles, each with a short driveway, gate lamp, concrete table, benches and small lawn. From the trailers, plastic tubes stretch like umbilical cords into the underground sewage facilities.

Space at Nettles Island can be rented for \$7.50 a day (the cable TV hook-up is 50¢ extra); the fee includes use of the tennis courts, saunas and gym. The 30-ft.-by-60-ft. lots can be bought, condominium style, for \$7,000 (\$14,000 for waterfront lots). Owners are assured of use of their plot when they want it and can divide rental income with the management at other times.

Life at the island is communal pastime. The children ride bicycles. Dad mans the barbecue, and everybody uses the marinas, miniature golf course, driving range and two swimming pools (four more are being built). Vacationers can take swimming lessons in the morning, play volleyball, basketball, bingo or

bridge in the afternoon, and take in an outdoor family movie at night.

Tenters are forbidden from renting space, as are owners of super-de-luxe mobile homes. "Large mobile homes—the ones that aren't really mobile—aren't permitted here," says Joe Agen, Nettles Island general manager. "We don't want clotheslines strung from trees, or anything like that."

Major Rival. Campers are further insulated by a 24-hour security force, and a shopping center now under construction will make island residents almost completely self-sufficient. Sheraton Hotel leases part of the land, providing campers with a cocktail lounge, restaurant and space for weekend visitors.

Like Nettles Island, most luxury camps are situated in well-traveled areas. Outdoor Resorts' 980-site camp near Orlando is within an hour's drive of Walt Disney World, Cape Kennedy and the Cypress Gardens at Winter Haven. In Gatlinburg, Tenn., both Outdoor Resorts and its major rival, Venture Out in America, Inc., run campsites across from the Great Smoky Mountain National Park, the most popular national park in the U.S.

Venture Out now operates five campgrounds in Arizona, Florida and Tennessee. Gatlinburg offers an attractive combination of luxury and all the beauty of a natural setting. The views of the Smokies are spectacular, and campers are never far from clear mountain streams. Visitors can go hiking through the hills, horseback riding and fishing. There are also motorcycle and dune-buggy trails, the usual selection of Ping Pong and parlor games. Those who tire of sleeping indoors can take their sleeping bags to the woods.

"People in this country are starving for something to do," says John Fogarty Jr., a Knoxville, Tenn., jewelry-store owner who camps with three of his children in a 25-ft. motor home on one of the Gatlinburg complexes. "Here we can do anything we want to. Play tennis, ride trails, play shuffleboard, swim, or just loaf around. The kids meet lots of other young people, both the people who are staying here and those who just come for a short time. You meet and make friends. It's the best recreation in the world." It can also be a long-term investment. "I want to retire up here," says Larry Mattei, an oil engineer from Houma, La., who has bought a plot. "And if I don't keep it, I can always sell it, probably at a profit."

Far from the mountain air of Ten-

CAMPER-ARTIST IN WYOMING
In search of gregarious luxury.

Department has begun an experimental computerized reservation service so that people will be assured of a plot on which to lay their sleeping bags.

There is also another, more comfort-conscious breed of camper who disdains any real communing with nature. These refugees from city and suburb seek not spartan solitude but gregarious luxury—at reasonable prices.

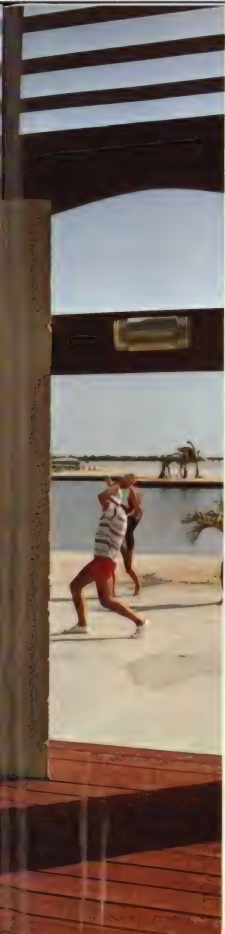
To meet that demand and to keep up with the rapidly expanding trailer subculture, a new vacation industry is taking shape. The sites are variously called destination resorts, luxury campsites, hotels without rooms. They cater to families owning "recreational vehicles"—trailers, campers, motor coaches—whose number is now increasing by 25% a year. In 1961, 83,500 "rec vees" were sold; last year the number was

Recreational vehicles crowd a Southern California highway (top). Old-style horsepower is passed by the new in Butterfield Country.

Photographs for TIME by Eddie Adams







The morning exercise class (far left) loosens up at Venture Out's Cudjoe Cay resort in the Florida Keys. Above, an aerial view of the 1,585-site Outdoor Resorts complex at Nettles Island, Fla. At left, island residents have a friendly card game in the sauna. Below, neighbors have morning coffee at their Nettles Island waterfront site.







Clockwise from top left: samples of the personal touch in camper identification; trout fishing at Outdoor Resorts' Gatlinburg, Tenn., complex; a deer helps break camp at the Fort Wilderness campgrounds at Florida's Disney World; at nightfall a camper lowers the flag from his trailer in Long Key, Fla.; two Chicago girls sleep above their car at the Disney World campgrounds; vacationers take a dune-buggy ride through the Great Smokies in Gatlinburg.





Rebuttal from Mount Horrid

As resort campsites become ever more luxurious, lovers of the primitive still cling to what they consider genuine camping—backpacking through the woods, relying on trees, canvas and perhaps a lean-to for shelter. *TIME*'s Boston correspondent Philip Taubman is one such purist. Last week he and his wife Felicity tromped the Long Trail in Vermont's Green Mountains, their enthusiasm only slightly dampened by a chilling rain and acres of mud. Here-with Taubman's defense of nature's way:

Luxury campsites! The very phrase is a non sequitur. As any Boy Scout knows, a campsite is a clearing in the woods where the greatest luxury is a running brook. The basic urge of the true camper is to escape from chlorine, color TV and asphalt. The climb up Mount Horrid is an excellent baptism. In six-tenths of a mile, the trail rises sharply 600 ft. We were out of breath halfway up, and I thought my heart was about to pound out of my chest. At 2,800 ft., the trail levels off on a rocky perch called Mount Horrid Cliff. The rock wall drops straight down 500 ft. When the sky cleared, we could see the Adirondacks 50 miles to the west and New Hampshire 40 miles to the east.

The view would have been splendid even through a car window, but it was far more satisfying because of the struggle up the mountain. In an electric-toothbrush civilization, it's nice to know that your muscles still work. When you sit down to rest and look at your backpack, you realize that everything you need for survival is right there. In the

last few years, of course, some of the hardness has been extracted even from backpacking. The awkward canvas knapsack has given way to nylon and aluminum contraptions. Miniature propane stoves and freeze-dried foods—from stroganoff to strawberry ice cream—can never be as romantic as honest campfires, canned beans and coffee you brew yourself.

Yet it is still hard work. When you pack your sleeping bag, foam mattress, tent, change of clothes, food and utensils, you end up carrying 40 lbs. or more. Lugging that load 15 miles a day in rough country is a guaranteed antidote to the dangers of the soft city life.

You quickly establish a relationship with the woods. All your senses are engaged. You stop to examine wildflowers and taste fresh cold water from a fast brook. You hear the forest's noises—birds, rain hitting the leaves, a squirrel or porcupine scurrying out of your path.

Soon you get the feeling—an illusion, really—that you don't really need the luxuries of civilization, or its arbitrary restraints. Once, backpacking along the John Muir Trail in California's Sierra Nevada, I left the path and hushwhacked across the high country for a day. It was a foolish idea. I was inexperienced, unsure of where I was heading, unprepared for bad weather. Climbing over huge boulders that ancient glaciers had dropped like pebbles along the timber line, I became terrified. What if I broke a leg or got lost? Miles of wilderness surrounded me. When I finally found a trail, I discovered with it a fantastic sense of achieve-

ment. One to one with the high country, I had held my own.

Such exhilaration must be difficult to come by in a \$10,000 air-conditioned, carpeted "recreation vehicle." Yet such moments are within the reach of almost anyone. No special skill or experience is necessary. Well-marked hiking routes have been hacked out all over the country. Many are like the Long Trail, which runs 262 miles through Vermont from Canada to Massachusetts, where you can even find primitive shelters every six miles or so—just in case you forget how to raise your tent properly. An investment of \$150 or so will buy all the gear you need. Clearly it is the last great vacation bargain.



PHILIP & FELICITY TAUBMAN

nessee is Camperland, a 200-site concrete parking pad built by the Stardust Hotel in Las Vegas. Overnight fees are only \$4—a lure that supplies the Stardust with patrons for its casino, restaurants and nightclubs. Since Jan. 1, some 70,000 camper-customers have been boosting the hotel's business. The parking lot itself contains a small swimming pool, bathhouse and laundry room, where women campers who have just been coiffed at the Stardust beauty salon compare notes on the evening's entertainment along the Strip.

Come nightfall, Bermuda shorts are sometimes exchanged for evening gown and tux for a trip to the casinos. To encourage a steady stream of new faces—and new money—there is a three-day parking limit on the Stardust grounds.

Few campers stay that long; there is always someplace else to go. For some, keeping on the move is what it is all about. Foster Root, a retired salesman, sold his house in New Jersey and took to the road with his wife. "We're camping 52 weeks a year," he says, "until we decide where to live."

The entertainment is more homey and the style more spacious in Butterfield Country, an 8,000-acre resort area 51 miles northeast of San Diego. Throughout the mesas of the Palomar Mountains are sprinkled Butterfield's 475 campsites. A \$5 rental fee gets a standard site with water and electricity. For oak trees and a sewage hook-up, the fee runs \$2 more. The park attempts to re-create the spirit of the Butterfield stagecoach days with hay rides, an old-fashioned swimming hole, community cookouts and country-music shows. The focal point is an old Wild West village: on Sunday, church services are held in the Jemu saloon, with the obligatory nude paintings over the bar turned toward the wall.

Most of the Butterfield campers come from the Los Angeles and San Diego areas; some, like the Robert Templetons and Dan Kivettes of nearby Yucaipa, arrive as two-family groups. While the husbands are off deep-sea fishing in the Pacific 25 miles away, the children can be riding on a bike trail and the wives taking a stroll in the woods. "We keep the camper stocked so we can take off on 30 minutes' notice," says Donna Templeton.

The knowledge that it is easy to move on quickly seems a large part of camping's allure, but the mood is ambivalent. Some campers put up little name plates or other signs as a kind of personal brand on their sites. They want to get away from home, but they trundle so much paraphernalia, from kitchen appliances to bicycles, that life on the road is not really too different. They want the atmosphere of camping out with the comforts of living in—plus fancy distractions as a bonus. It is a peculiarly American yen, and, in the American manner, it is being satisfied.

A well-dressed couple heads for the casinos at the Stardust Hotel in Las Vegas (top). At Disney World near Orlando, Fla., a family dines camper style.

Wimbledon Showdown

The growing popularity of professional tennis has intensified the battle between the International Lawn Tennis Federation and its national affiliates on one side, and an army of promoters, agents and sponsors on the other. Last year a petty jurisdictional dispute kept some of the best men players out of the All England Championships at Wimbledon. Caught in the middle, 40 of the world's top male competitors formed the Association of Tennis Professionals for self-protection. "We are not looking for a power struggle," A.T.P. President Cliff Drysdale said at the time. "However, I shall be surprised if on over some issue before long."

That confrontation came last week. The result was unprecedented: a threatened player boycott of Wimbledon, the prestigious British tournament scheduled to begin this week.

As usual, a minor conflict served to mask a power showdown. The catalyst was Nikki Pilic, the flamboyant Yugoslav star who was suspended by his national association for not living up to a purported commitment to represent his country in Davis Cup competition. "There is no problem," said Pilic. "The president of the Yugoslav association is my uncle." But the uncle was adamant, despite Pilic's pleas that he had never agreed to play. Then the I.L.T.F. rashly involved the entire tennis world in what was essentially a family affair. It suspended Pilic until July 1, forcing him to miss Wimbledon.

The A.T.P., now grown to 96 members, tried a legal counterattack, but a British court ruled that it had no ju-

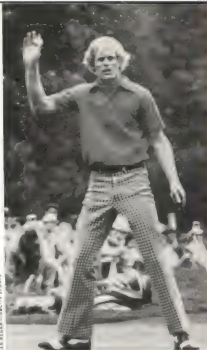
risdiction in the case. So the players' group, which includes such U.S. competitors as Arthur Ashe, Cliff Richey and Stan Smith, decided that it had to stand on its own. After a three-hour meeting in London's Westbury Hotel, Drysdale announced: "This is the saddest statement I have ever had to make, but we feel we have no choice but to instruct our members to withdraw." After another meeting—which A.T.P. Executive Director Jack Kramer characterized as "wrestling with our conscience"—the decision was re-affirmed. At week's end, at least 75 of the men players were planning to honor the boycott. Rumania's Ilie Nastase was one of the few male stars remaining in the tournament. "None of us wants to walk out on Wimbledon," said Australia's John Newcombe. "It means so much to us—to me, if I could win it a fourth time. But if we back down, then the I.L.T.F. will have succeeded in breaking our union. It's us or them."

While that deadlock persisted, a new threat arose. Billie Jean King, a longtime advocate of larger purses for women, considered trying to organize the women players to hold out for equal prizes (the men share \$70,500 at Wimbledon, v. \$50,500 for the women). That idea fizzled, however. Rather than equal pay, the women will receive a bonus of attention. The men's competition may be crippled, but for the first time this year, the Big Four of women's tennis—Australia's Margaret Court and Evonne Goolagong and the U.S.'s King and Chris Evert will be making a joint appearance. They could not have timed the reunion better to further boost women's tennis.

Johnny on the Mountain

Once upon a time in the city of San Francisco, a five-year-old boy named Johnny Miller was given a sawed-off golf club that became a kind of magic wand. His father Larry was a first-rate amateur player who could have been a teaching pro. Instead, he made his career with RCA as a cable traffic supervisor and concentrated his tutorial talents on his children. He showed Johnny how to hold the club, then sent him to the basement to hit ball after ball into a canvas backdrop. After two years, Johnny began to take lessons from another determined man, John Geertsen, the pro at the San Francisco Country Club. At the end of each lesson, the pro would play "let's pretend." "Johnny," he would say, "you have just one shot left to win the U.S. Open and this is it." Johnny would bear down and hit a good shot almost every time.

There were other games. At the top of his backswing, Johnny was told to aim the brass rivet on the left rear pocket of his Levi's at the ball. That helped



U.S. OPEN CHAMPION JOHNNY MILLER
Loving every minute.

him develop a smooth, rhythmic swing, which the pro said was "as natural as walking down the street." So that he would learn to perform under pressure, Johnny took on all comers on the putting green for up to 25¢ per hole. Slim as a seven iron, he also had to learn to make up in accuracy what he lacked in power. The tighter the fairways and the smaller the greens, the better little Johnny would do against bigger boys.

Positive Thought. Still, Larry Miller was not satisfied. He installed a blackboard at home and wrote out a daily training program for the boy. Each evening Johnny dutifully checked the blackboard and then performed the prescribed number of bar-bell exercises, push-ups and basement practice shots before going to bed. To strengthen his wrists, he was given a small rubber ball to squeeze and carry with him at all times. At 15, Johnny was a wispy 5 ft. 2 in., 110 lbs., and needed all the muscle he could get. Two years later he was 10 in. taller—strong and proficient enough to win the U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. His goal, he said, was to play "as boldly as Arnold Palmer," his hero.

Johnny's father, a devout Mormon, was very proud of his son's zeal. He always told Johnny that playing winning golf was like climbing a mountain. "It's easy to climb halfway," the father said, "but that is just the beginning. You must learn to never think negative. You can become a professional, but if you want to become a champion, you are going to have to do more." Johnny did. In 1966, when he was 19, Johnny signed up as a caddie for the U.S. Open. Then, thinking positively, he entered the tournament as an amateur and not only qualified but finished in a tie for eighth place. Two years later Johnny dropped

ASHE, PILIC, SMITH & KRAMER



Smoking.

What are you going to do about it?

Many people are against cigarettes. You've heard their arguments.

And even though we're in the business of selling cigarettes, we're not going to advance arguments in favor of smoking.

We simply want to discuss one irrefutable fact.

A lot of people are still smoking cigarettes. In all likelihood, they'll continue to smoke cigarettes and nothing anybody has said or is likely to say is going to change their minds.

Now, if you're one of these cigarette smokers, what are you going to do about it? You may continue to smoke your present brand. With all the enjoyment and pleasure you get from smoking it. Or, if 'tar' and nicotine has become a concern to you, you may consider changing to a cigarette like Vantage.

(Of course, there is no other cigarette quite like Vantage.)

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out of Brigham Young University to turn professional. "A college degree," Johnny said, "is not going to help you sink those two-footers."

Then Johnny began his long climb up the rest of the mountain. He almost reached the summit in the 1971 Masters when he came from behind to take a two-stroke lead, with only three holes remaining. Then he choked up thinking about how pleased his father would be if he won; he bogeyed the last two holes to lose by two strokes. In 1972, Johnny had enough close finishes to win \$99,348 and a reputation as the brightest of the ascending golf stars. Johnny looked the role, a lean (6 ft. 2½ in., 170 lbs.) golden boy with long corn-silk locks. He had a pretty wife and two handsome children. He sported a flashy wardrobe, drove a Ford Thunderbird and started golf camps in Utah and Scotland. His golf swing was solid—"the best on the tour," said Jack Nicklaus.

Father's Faith. Johnny was, in fact, a straight shooter in every way. An elder in the Mormon Church, he did not smoke, drink, overeat or stay up late (and still doesn't today). His lone passion besides golf was fishing and his idea of a hot time was shooting pool with Spiro Agnew at Frank Sinatra's place in Palm Springs. "There's really nothing wrong with messing around," Johnny said, "if that's what you like. But if you don't do it, you certainly have the advantage." He insisted that his attitude was as positive as ever and that he never felt pushed. "Dad really drove me," he said. "He was determined to make me a pro golfer. But I didn't mind. In fact, I loved every minute of it."

But Johnny was still a corner who seemed never quite to arrive. He needed a tough major tournament to test his deadly accurate game—and prove his father's faith. Johnny, 26, got his chance in 1973 at the U.S. Open in Oakmont, Pa. In a game that demands machine-like consistency, Johnny's performance was as offbeat as it was unbeatable. After carding respectable scores of 71 and 69, he siked to a horrendous 76 in the third round. Upset but not shattered, Johnny decided to "shoot the works, go for the flag, think birdie."

Normally, the Oakmont Country Club, a 6,921-yd. ogre of a course with slick greens, deep rough, and fairways as narrow as a bowling alley, lays low such high intentions. But Johnny played exceptionally well, putting like a pool shark and hitting his lofty drives as straight as the stretch of Pennsylvania Turnpike that bisects the course. Starting six strokes off the pace, Johnny overtook a dozen of the world's top golfers with one of the most spectacular come-from-nowhere charges in the annals of golf. Scoring an incredible nine birdies in the first 15 holes, he won a one-stroke victory with a 63, the lowest single round ever recorded in the 78-year history of the Open. "It was the nicest Father's Day gift any man could ever receive," Johnny's father said.

The Shirk Ethic

HOW TO RETIRE AT 41:
Or Dropping Out of the Rat Race
Without Going Down the Drain
by L. RUST HILLS
247 pages. Doubleday, \$6.95.

The dust jacket of this amiable manual for layabouts asks of the prospective reader, "Why should you let Rust Hills tell you how to run your life?" But anyone acquainted with Hills' previous book, *How to Do Things Right: The Revelations of a Fussy Man*, knows that the author, far from being interested in running the reader's life, refuses even to run his own. Instead he



RUST HILLS
Wrestling with Larry Placebound.

walks it, as if it were an elderly dog. That is his pride, and he has earned it. As he explains, he was the fiction editor of *Esquire* and then of the *Saturday Evening Post* for several years, acquiring a modest but satisfying reputation as an acute and discerning lunch-haver. An editor who can have lunch well is secure in his profession, but about eight years ago Hills threw it all up (his profession, that is), and retired to fester in Connecticut. He was, of course, 41.

That is pretty good going. This reviewer, now 41 himself, can say so with authority. Hills festers better, though, so let's listen to him. What he says, stripped of his fussy charm, is more or less this: sure you can retire at 41, if you have the endurance and cold nerve to swim against the current.

What's this? Cold nerve? Endurance? Retirement is supposed to be drifting, isn't it? Loafing and inviting the soul? That's not what Hills found,

and his report has the leaden ring of truth. The trouble is, while the upper class, where it still exists, is born to leisure, and the lower class is in sporadic danger of having leisure thrust upon it, the poor old middle-class, middle-aged man is a creature of work. He is his work and is so acknowledged by those he meets at cocktail parties: "Ah, you're a fiction editor," or "Ah, you're a wire man for the White House." If the workadaddy (Tom Wolfe's useful word) capriciously retires, most of his iness leaks away.

It is not simply that he has flown his pigeonhole. He is also, probably, less interesting because he has stopped doing what he was good at and is now spending his time doing what he is not so hot at (fixing up his country place, "persuading" what Hills calls with distaste, "interests," or making his spongy body perform whatever sports are still possible).

"Work is Useless." Hills at first responded briskly to the threat of disintegration. In the first place, he rose early ("busy day ahead") and did many errands according to a schedule, as elaborately as possible. He also practiced a form of positive thinking: "Almost all work is useless and meaningless," he tells himself, "and therefore the virtuous man will avoid working." To water these tender young suppositions further, so they can grow into a healthy prejudice, he quoted the opening lines of *The Prisoner of Zenda*: "I wonder when in the world you're going to do anything, Rudolf?" said my brother's wife. "My dear Rose," I answered, laying down my egg spoon, "why in the world should I do anything?"

Soon Hills began disintegrating. His Rust Hills personality split into three parts—the Fussy Man who made lists, an amiable boob named Larry Placebound, who charged about the country doing marginal journalistic assignments, and a troll called LOMUC, which stands for Lonely Old Man Lives in Country. Not surprisingly, Hills' wife, stepchildren and dog appear to have left him during this period.

In the end, Hills was saved by love, and by coping out. The love part is perfectly straightforward: he found either a new wife or this references are discreet to a fault) a new dog. The coping out is a little harder to understand, because what Hills did, as far as the reader can figure it out, was to become a full-time freelance writer. This, in an era of declining markets, is very similar to becoming a professional buffalo hunter, and it is definitely not the road to mental health.

Still, Hills is doing nicely with his new hobby. His stuff is perfect summer reading, especially for readers deluded enough to wish their vacations could be perpetually extended.

■ John Skow

Notables

LIFE SIGNS

by JOHANNA DAVIS
183 pages. Atheneum, \$5.95.

Mommy pops a Dexamyl and to her firstborn, whom she is diapering, explains that she must dash to keep an appointment with her psychiatrist, who is trying to determine why she is cuckoo. "Goo-goo," says the baby. "No," mommy tells him, "goo-goo is how babies go. Mommy goes cuckoo." This time the kid gets it right: "Mommy koo-koo." It is his first sentence, and mommy is charmed. "You smart thing," she says, "have a zwieback."

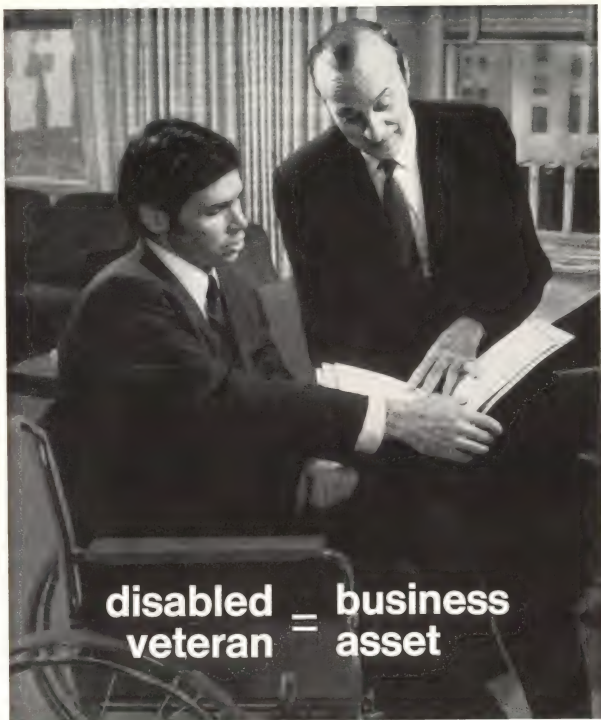
The reader may feel at this point that what he needs is not zwieback but a drink. There is no shortage of wry, clever novels by and about overwrought



JOHANNA DAVIS
"Mommies go cuckoo."

young mothers. And initially this unassuming first novel by Johanna Davis seems to be a fairly conventional example of obstetrical fiction. Its heroine, a likable, gifted young Manhattan woman named Camilla Ryder, is dismayed during her second pregnancy to discover that her mind has gone womby. She hears voices, sees things that aren't there, frightens her husband with screams in the night, gobbles uppers given to her by a dippy friend and downers prescribed by her disastrous psychiatrist. In the supermarket she takes half an hour to decide whether to buy milk by the quart or half-gallon. She scrubs her apartment a lot. In the end, she has the baby, dumps the pills and ditches the shrink; and at fadeout she seems prepared to live happily ever after.

Familiar, pleasant stuff. Yet what is remarkable is not that the thing is done, but that it is done so well. Writing from the viewpoint of an out-of-control character, Author Davis unobtrusively maintains order in her novel, limiting



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BOOKS

her scope sharply to Camilla's indrawn and pill-whacked consciousness.

Johanna Davis can be a very funny writer. The husband Alec, high on pot, is shown "examining his fingers as if they had just arrived in the mail, and did not fit the catalogue description." But the author usually has the steadiness to know when enough-already is enough. The only serious objection to her portrait is that she characterizes Camilla as an honors graduate in English, and then has the girl refer to "the passive tense." Tense is what psycho-maternity patients are, and voice is what passive is. A healthy, full-term first little novel anyway.

MALE CHAUVINISM! HOW IT WORKS

by MICHAEL KORDA

242 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

Another glib, glossy book about women's subordination in the office. The kicker is supposed to be that the author is a man. (It takes one to tell one off?) And what a man! Editor in chief of Simon & Schuster, writer for fashion magazines, a subtle and sensitive fellow indeed.

Behind the Manhattan windows of brokerage houses, insurance firms, advertising agencies and publishing companies, Korda finds lesser men huddling. They suppress women, he says, not from arrogance but out of various forms of sexual fear.

In Korda's scenario, the sexes do meet. The "low-level satyromania" beneath the chill surface of office life engenders assorted love affairs. But because of the status scramble most liaisons are ersatz. When the colleagues of one executive discovered that contrary to the sly suggestions he liked to make, he was really not sleeping with his pretty secretary, the poor chap felt obliged to fire her and take another job

himself. Here, as elsewhere, Korda often chooses an odd example, then proceeds on the assumption that it is some kind of norm. In real life, secretaries are often victimized. But how many have been fired—as happens to another Korda victim—because the boss's wife saw them driving away from work in an aunt's Rolls-Royce?

One Korda case involves a woman advertising executive whose superior followed her around to make sure that her clients did not mind her gender. And, of course, he knows a number of women whose promotions were shuffled so they got the work load without the title, the privileges, or the full salary.

Then there was Lee, a copywriter who flirted with her boss and stole his job by telling everyone else how she did all his work. The author pays lip service to women's fight for equal pay and equal opportunities for advancement, but Lee is his true heroine. She anticipated his advice to another young woman: "Be tactful, flatter, maneuver rather than attack." She was good at "playing the games which are instinctive to successful men, and which women are only just beginning to learn."

Quite apart from the sex war, a reader is appalled by the pinched, gray world of office work that the book describes. Korda makes any number of unwitting concessions toward women. Perhaps the biggest is his final exhortation to men: "Ask women to join us."

THE LIFE TO COME and Other Stories

by E.M. FORSTER

240 pages. Norton. \$7.95.

"I should have been a more famous writer if I had written or rather published more," E.M. Forster commented in his diary in 1964, "but sex has prevented the latter." During his 46-year silence as a fiction writer after the 1924 *A Passage to India*—one of the most tantalizing silences in modern literature—the theme that continued to fire his imagination was the unpublishable one of homosexuality.

Just as Forster had difficulty accepting his own homosexuality, he never seemed sure of the value of his "indecent" stories. Periodically he destroyed batches of them, not in "moral repentance" but out of "a craftsman's dissatisfaction."

Eight of the 14 stories in *The Life to Come* are the survivors of these purges. They deal with such things as the seduction of a provincial couple by two sailors, a brief homosexual idyll between a middle-aged businessman and a milkman, and an East-meets-West shipboard disaster involving a half-caste and a British officer that ends in murder and suicide. Forster being Forster, these goings on are handled better than anyone could hope for.

Even in such tales from the closet, collected by Oliver Stallybrass as part of a new and complete edition of the au-



E.M. FORSTER IN 1959

A plea for tolerance.

thor's work, Forster charts the struggle between civilization and true civility. Against parsons, prigs and hardened hearts of every kind, he makes a plea for generosity, warmth, tolerance.

FOXFIRE 2

Edited by ELIOT WIGGINTON

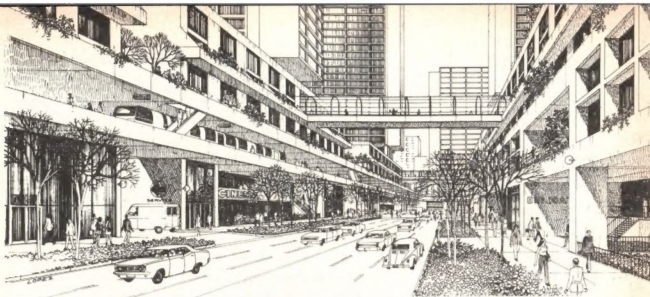
410 pages. Anchor Press/Doubleday. Hard-cover \$10; paperback \$4.50.

The *Foxfire Book* was an anthology creamed off from a magazine put out by country high school pupils in Rabun Gap, Ga. (TIME, March 27, 1972). It contained interviews and photos of the old people living back in the hills who can still explain the traditional ways, quilting patterns, country recipes or herbal remedies, demonstrate how to skin a raccoon, build a log cabin with hand tools or distill moonshine. With corn bread, white lightning and beautiful mountain folk originals, it was hard to beat. But the sequel, *Foxfire 2*, is stuffed with other irreplaceable lore—and irreplaceable people too. It will please anybody intrigued by the practical techniques of the past.

The only inauthentic part of *Foxfire 2* is the introduction, which preaches a somewhat simplistic, life-against-dead-culture idea of education. But the Rabun Gap students know how to capture the essential details of speech and attitude, as well as technology. This time they have brought back beekeeping, a herbal of wild spring greens, midwives, granny women and burial customs; they show and tell how to carve a wooden water wheel and set up the millstones, how to make homespun—from sheep on the hoof to hand-loomed cloth—and explain the intricate, precise engineering of handmade wooden wagon wheels. *Foxfire* lives, as an audacious adventure in oral history and a graceful piety to ancient knowledge.



MICHAEL KORDA
Don't take a Roll.



ARTIST'S SKETCH OF NEW CHICAGO COMPLEX SHOWS TRANSIT SYSTEM BUILT INTO SECOND STORY OF APARTMENT BUILDINGS

ENVIRONMENT

Chicago 21

Make no little plans. They have no magic to stir men's blood... Make big plans, aim high in hope and work.

—Planner Daniel Burnham

Chicago has always heeded those words. Burnham's own grandiose plan to reshape the city in 1909 stirred men enough, for example, to create urban parks along Lake Michigan's shoreline and a system of neighborhood forest preserves. A plan in 1958 touched off a coordinated \$5 billion building boom in the central business core. That led, in 1966, to another downtown plan—and more high hopes and work. Result: Chicago's Loop is among the healthiest downtowns in the U.S. At a time when corporations are fleeing other cities for the suburbs, big Chicago firms are not.

Even so, the old strategy of preserving and strengthening its economic heart cannot alone save a city. Help is needed from full-time residents who use the city and care for it—especially the middle class. Since 1958, central Chicago has lost 21,000 inhabitants to the suburbs. The situation clearly called for a new kind of ambitious plan. It has now been unveiled. Named "Chicago 21" (because it prepares Chicago for the 21st century), the plan essentially aims to make the central city so enticing that the middle classes will choose to resettle there. That means improving central Chicago's housing, school system and transportation network—all at once. In short, the plan directly confronts the question of whether old cities really can be made more livable.

Part of the answer lies with money—lots of it. The plan calls for spending at least \$1 billion a year for 15 years.

But the chances of action are excellent. For one thing, the plan was prepared (by the architectural and planning firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill) for the Central Area Committee, a group of businessmen that a local newspaper calls "Chicago's power elite." For another, it has the blessing of Chicago's strongman, Mayor Richard Daley, who wants to leave office with the city firmly pointed toward a prosperous future.

New Town. Chicago 21 starts by taking advantage of the huge but little-used railway yards around the downtown Loop area. This prime land is available for new projects with an absolute minimum of demolition, relocation of people or land-assembly problems. Indeed, the air rights over 83 acres of railyards between the Loop and Lake Michigan are already being developed. There, the Illinois Center Corp. is building \$1.5 billion worth of offices, apartments and parking garages and hotels. Important as an extension of the business district, the project also upgrades the city with good architecture (buildings by Mies van der Rohe) and good urban design (pedestrian malls, plazas). It uses two levels of underground streets to separate trucks and autos from pedestrians, who will have the normal street level largely for themselves.

The most dramatic part of Chicago 21—really the key element in its challenge to the suburbs—goes even farther. It is an immense "new town-in-town" designed for 120,000 residents. Located on 600 acres of abandoned railyards between the Loop and the Chicago River, the town will be complete with shops, recreational facilities and, most impor-

tant, good schools. The planners see another potential asset in the river, which, with a cleanup, can be made as attractive as the lakefront.

The South Loop new town itself promises to be handsome and efficient. It will rise in phases, each consisting of a "superblock" of up to 16 acres and containing as many as 3,000 dwelling units. The buildings may be terrace apartments, set in a step-back arrangement so that the roof of one apartment forms the terrace of the one above. To get residents to work or to shops, a subway line will run under the town, with another transit system (moving sidewalks or gondola cars) connecting the second floor of all the buildings.

The Chicago 21 plan also provides for massive improvements in existing low-income communities. The planners urge an end to public housing, feeling that home ownership is vital to city health. Beyond that, parks and new housing will be added to the mainly Latin American Pilsen neighborhood, and Chinatown will be reoriented toward the Chicago River. For the rundown Cabrini Green area they recommend new housing, job training centers and mass transit to allow residents to travel to work without having to own a car.

In fact, the entire plan emphatically downplays the automobile. It includes no new superhighways or highway interchanges. "Nothing destroys the community fabric, the neighborhood focus, more than highways," says Harold Jensen of Illinois Center Corp. Instead, a feeder subway line will be built, plus new parking lots at terminal points of mass transit lines. Traffic consultant Bob Maxman of Alan Voorhes & Associates explains: "We tried to give the city not to cars but back to the people."

The next step is for Chicago's peo-

*The committee includes top executives of Sears, Roebuck, Standard Oil of Indiana, Marshall Field & Co., the First National Bank of Chicago, Illinois Bell and other key corporations.

ENVIRONMENT

ple to respond to the plan in public hearings. Then the planners recommend that a limited-dividend company with public and private ownership be set up to hold land, coordinate the projects and raise most of the seed money—all tasks beyond the scope of ordinary developers. Initial funds could come from the sale of special revenue bonds. Later, income from completed projects could be used to underwrite more improvements elsewhere in the city.

The real test, of course, is whether a rebuilt Chicago can lure suburbanites back into town. Real Estate Tycoon James C. Downs Jr., head of the Central Area Committee, is optimistic: "We are shifting to an adult urban society. The birth rate is down, and people are not going to find it very attractive any more to make the commute from the suburbs every day. We've also passed the threshold in the integration battle." Mayor Daley clearly agrees. At the official release of the plan, he proudly called it "one of the great acts in the renaissance of the city."

The Garbage God

Set in the arid plains of western Texas, the small city of Odessa (pop. 79,000) was built for one reason: exploitation of the immense oil deposits that lie around it. But today's riches disguise tomorrow's problem. The oil reserves will run out in 15 to 20 years—and then what? The town has no other industry, and the surrounding land is too poor to support large-scale cattle ranching, much less farming.

Yet Odessa need not become a ghost town. At least that is what Dr. Geoffrey Stanford says. A blithe, British-born M.D. who conducts research and teaches at the University of Texas School of Public Health, he insists that Odessa can build a new prosperity on an unlikely foundation—its own wastes.

The key to Stanford's plan is the cellulose in wastepaper and grass clippings. Although cellulose is indigestible for man, it is the basic diet of microorganisms that can trigger a natural sequence of soil enrichment. Stanford proposes to plow cellulose-containing material in garbage into the desert soil. Next, he would fertilize it with "sludge," a purified end product of sewage treatment that looks like gruel, smells like tar and is loaded with nutrients. Using a little sewage water for irrigation, Stanford says, will then turn the desert into a vast garden. His theory makes eminent sense to scientists—and to Odessans, who believe him even when he rhapsodizes about Sunday strolls through the city's future "forests."

The Odessa project will start next fall. Every day, 250 tons of garbage, 20 cu. yds. of sludge, and up to 500,000 gal. of sewage water will be sent to a 640-acre plot that one rancher has donated to the experiment. Other landowners are anxious to follow suit. In-

deed, says Jack Dillard, director of Odessa's utilities department, "we may have some fights over people wanting to have city garbage dumped on their land—a new kind of range war."

The problem of processing the garbage before it is plowed under will be handled by Alton Newell, a millionaire manufacturer of auto-shredding machines in San Antonio. Seeking to diversify his company, he is building a special, highly automated garbage-handling machine for Odessa. It will sort out the wastes and crush them into small pellets. Old paper and other leftovers will go to Dr. Stanford's project. Newell will sell the metal wastes to recyclers until he recoups the \$600,000 construction cost of the machine, which he will then turn over to Odessa for \$1.



DR. STANFORD IN HIS HOUSTON HOME
No element of sham or sin.

Meanwhile, the city will save about \$60,000 a year by feeding garbage to the machine instead of trucking it to man-made holes in the desert.

By 1979, Dr. Stanford believes, Odessa should be well on its way to becoming an agricultural center. To be sure, some important points must first be resolved. He has not yet decided, for example, exactly which crops should be planted. He must also confront a Texas law banning the sale of food grown in human wastes, even though the sludge contains neither pathogens nor "any element of sham or sin." To prove the point, he will reserve 16 acres for scientific tests of all trace elements in various crops.

Odessans call Dr. Stanford "the God of Garbage." He does not quarrel with the title. Sipping wine in his Houston home, he talks of using wastes to transform wastelands everywhere. The day will come, he confidently predicts, when London will fly its garbage to Saudi Arabia in trade for oil and gas.

MILESTONES

Born. To Nicol Williamson, 34, crown prince of the British stage, currently playing Broadway's hit production of *Uncle Vanya*, and his wife Actress Jill Townsend, 28, their first child: a son; in Manhattan. Name: Luke.

Marriage Revealed. Ann Fleischer Kissinger, 46, former wife of Diplomat Henry A. Kissinger (they were divorced in 1964) and mother of his two children; and Saul G. Cohen, 57, professor of chemistry at Brandeis University, a widower and father of two; on June 1.

Died. Francis William Leahy, 64, football coach at Notre Dame who stepped into Knute Rockne's shoes but did not quite fill them; of congestive heart failure following a long illness; in Portland, Ore. Raised in the prophetically named town of Winner, S. Dak., Leahy attended Notre Dame where he played on the undefeated 1929 national championship team. After various coaching jobs—including six years at Fordham, where he taught future Green Bay Packers Coach Vince Lombardi—Leahy returned to Notre Dame in 1941 and led the Irish to their first undefeated season since Rockne's days. Known as "The Master" because of his stern and demanding style, Leahy in eleven seasons compiled an 87-11-9 mark. He left South Bend in 1953 but returned to football for one more season as general manager of the Los Angeles Chargers in 1959.


Died. Dave Chasen, 74, celebrated Hollywood restaurateur who gave up being a vaudeville ham to serve steak to the stars; of cancer; in Los Angeles. Russian-born Chasen became a favorite with audiences as Comedian Joe Cook's dizzy straight man in the '20s and '30s. When vaudeville declined, he opened a six-table chili-and-spare-ribs joint in Beverly Hills. Chasen's show business comrades—among them, Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Joan Crawford and W.C. Fields—became loyal patrons and helped build Chasen's into show biz's most glamorous beanery.

Died. Georges Bonnet, 83, last important political survivor of the French Third Republic; in Paris. Bonnet was best known as an architect of the ill-fated Munich Pact with Hitler in 1938. Ambassador to the United States in 1937, he was a Cabinet Minister in no less than 18 of his country's governments between 1925 and 1939. Charges against Bonnet of collaborating with the Nazis as a member of the Vichy government were dropped in 1949. He returned from exile in Switzerland to serve for another twelve years in the National Assembly.



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